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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1837. NO. 838.---VOL. XVI.—NO. 35.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

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SKETCHES OF ENGLISH UNITARIAN HISTORY. No. 11.

The importance which attaches to the name of Lardner, considered as a defender of Unitarianism, as well as of Christianity, renders it proper that we should describe some of the particulars of his life and labours.

Nathanael Lardner was born at Hawkhurst, in the county of Kent, on the 6th of June 1684. His father Richard Lardner, was a minister of respectable character among the protestant dissenters, and for a considerable number of years pastor of a congregation at Deal. For a short time we find the son under the care of the Rev. Joshua Oldfield, and in the latter end of 1699 he was sent to prosecute his studies at Utrecht, in Holland, under Professors D'Uries, Grævius, and Burman, names of no small celebrity in the literary world. Mr Martin Tompkins, afterwards the ejected Arian minister of Stoke Newington, went to Holland with Lardner, and they found there Mr Daniel Neal, afterwards so well known for his 'History of the Puritans.' After spending somewhat more than three years at Utrecht, Mr Lardner removed to Leyden, where he studied about six months. In the year 1703 he returned to England, with the two Englishmen before mentioned. The period between this and 1709, probably spent in the neighborhood of London, (his father having removed thither as the minister of an ancient meetinghouse in Hoxton Square,) was no doubt devoted to a close and dilligent preparation for the ministry which he had in view. It was not till the 2d of August, 1709, that he preached his first sermon. This was for his friend Tompkins, at Stoke Newington. His text was Romans i. 16; 'For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation,' &c. 'There could not have been,' observes Dr Kippis, 'a more proper text for a man who was destined, in the order of Divine Providence, to be one of the ablest advocates of the authenticity and truth of the Christian revelation that ever existed.' During the four years which succeeded to this event, he was a member of the congregational church under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Matthew Clark a circumstance which would seem to indicate much freedom of inquiry in that denomination at that time. It is observable, that the celebrated James Pierce had likewise belonged to an independent congregation at Stepney. In the year 1713 Mr Lardner was invited to reside in the house of Lady Treby, the widow of Sir George Treby, Knight, of the Court of Common Pleas, as chaplain, and also tutor to her youngest son, Brindley Treby. To this proposal he acceded. After having conducted Mr Treby's studies three years, he accompanied him in an excursion into France, the Austrian Netherlands, and the United provinces, which employed four months. He did not lose the opportunity which this tour afforded, of making exact and judicious observations on the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and on the edifices and curiosities of the countries through which he passed. He continued to reside in Lady Treby's family till her death, which was in 1721. Speaking of his prospects after that event, he said, 'I am at a loss how to dispose of myself. I can say, I am desirous of being useful in the world. Without this, no external advantages relating to myself will make me happy; and yet I have no prospect of being serviceable in the work of the ministry, having preached many years without being favored with the approbation and choice of any one congregation.' Two years after the death of Lady Treby, Mr Lardner was greatly affected by the death of his former pupil, a gentleman for whom he felt the highest affection and esteem. He felt so deeply the loss of this friend, that he imputed to it in part, the increase of a deafness which had been coming upon him for some time before. About the year 1723 Lardner was engaged, in conjunction with a number of ministers, in carrying on a course of lectures, on a Tuesday evening, at the Old Jewry. He was also a member of a literary society, consisting of ministers and laymen, who met on Monday evenings, at Chew's Coffee-house, in Bow-lane Cheapside. The chairman of this society, at every meeting, proposed two questions, to be freely and candidly debated; besides which, each member in his turn produced an essay upon some learned and entertaining subject. Another society, which met at Chew's Coffee-house on a Thursday, and of which Mr Lardner was a member, consisted entirely of ministers. Besides treating on practical subjects in the Tuesday evening lecture, the ministers also delivered a course of sermons on the 'Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion.' In this course, the proof of the Credibility of the Gospel History was assigned to Mr Lardner, and in the latter end of the year 1723, and the beginning of 1724, he delivered three sermons on that most important object of Christian inquiry. Here it was that the foundation was laid of his great work. The first part of the 'Credibility of the Gospel History,' was published in 1727, in 2 vols. 8vo. The concluding volume of the supplement appeared in 1757, so that this part of his labor to illustrate the 'Christian Evidences,' occupied him during thirty years. This work was followed by another closely connected with its main object entitled 'A large Collection of ancient Jewish and Heathen Testimonies to the Truth.' Of this the fourth and last volume appeared in the year 1767. Various other theological treatises issued from his pen during the time that he was engaged on this great undertaking. Though this good man's life was so ardently devoted to the public good, he never received any thing that would deserve to be regarded as a recompense for his labors. The salary he had, whilst he continued to be a preacher, was very inconsiderable, and his works were often published by him to his loss, instead of his gain. This was particularly the case with respect to the latter volumes of the 'Credibility.' At length he parted with the copyright, together with all the remaining printed copies, for the trifling sum of one hundred and fifty pounds.

In writing to his friend Mr Merivale, of Exeter, September 22, 1767, i. e. less than a year before his death, he expresses himself in the following terms: 'You justly observe that my plan is not completed. You put me in mind of 'Testimonies to the Facts,' &c. in the New Test. Another friend has done the like. Another part of my plan was the 'History of the Heretics of the first two Centuries.' [For this] I have by me large materials; and it is not to be thought that at this age I should be able to put them into order; and these things are not to the taste of the times; and I may truly say, I have not credit enough in the world to publish any thing more with acceptance. See what the writers of the 'Critical Review' say, Number 108, p. 35, that is for January, 1764, giving an account of the first volume of my new work, of my voluminous works, &c., as if the design [of one] grown grey with writing had been just formed. In short [he adds, and this will be read by his admirers with a melancholy interest,] I have outlived my old friends, encouragers of this work—Drs. Hunt, Ward, Avery, Glover, Munchly, father and son; so that though the 'Testimonies of Heathen Authors' was all along supposed to be the most popular part of my plan, I have met with rebukes and discouragements in the publication of these four [volumes] which I had never experienced before. *Tempora mutantur*: however, possibly they may change again, and be brighter. As this part of my plan was always reckoned important, I have passed by others, and, through divine goodness, have now completed this part.' The anticipation of this veteran defender of God's truth has been amply fulfilled. His works have been again and again republished; and all parties of Christians have applied to them as to a storehouse of most valuable materials. Beside the two great works which have been described, Dr Lardner favored the world with a variety of minor publications, all having the same general object, the diffusion of reasonable, practical sentiments concerning the Christian religion. Two of these treatises require to be distinctly spoken of in this paper. The first of them was published without his name in the year 1759, and entitled 'A Letter written in the year 1730, concerning the question, Whether the Logos supplied the place of a Human Soul in the Person of Jesus Christ.' To this letter, which was known to have been addressed to the first Lord Barrington, with whom Lardner had been many years in correspondence, were added, at its publication, two postscripts, one containing an explication of those words, the Spirit, the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of God, as used in the Scriptures. A passage occurring in Dr Priestley's most interesting 'Memoirs of Himself' may be here suitably introduced, and may serve to show what has probably been the effect of that ingenious treatise on the minds of thinking men. 'By reading with care Dr Lardner's letter on the Logos, I became what is called a Socinian soon after my settlement at Leeds; and giving the closest attention to the subject, I have seen more and more reason to be satisfied with that opinion to this day, and likewise to be more impressed with the idea of its importance.'

In this treatise our author opposes the Arian hypothesis, to which he acknowledges that that he had once, for a while, been much inclined; and it is not a little remarkable, that in his 'Vindication of the Miracles against Woolstan,' only the year previous to the composition of the letter on the Logos, he had used language implying the pre-existence of Christ; so that we may regard it as probable, that his sentiments concerning the person of Christ were finally settled about the time of writing that treatise. Dr Lardner did not derive his opinions on this subject from the study of the Socinian authors. 'I have not,' says he, 'been greatly conversant with the writers of that denomination. I have never read 'Crellius de Uno Patre;' though I believe it to be a very good book. There is also in our language 'A Collection of Unitarian Tracts,' in two or three quartos; but I am not acquainted with it, nor can I remember that I ever looked into it. I have formed my sentiments upon the Scriptures, and by reading such commentators, chiefly, as are in the best repute. I may add, that the reading of the ancient writers of the church has been of use to confirm me in clearing up difficulties.'

The second of these treatises was published after the author's death, by Mr Wiche, of Maidstone. It is entitled 'Two Schemes of a Trinity considered, and the Divine Unity asserted. It consists of four discourses, upon Philippians ii. 5—11. The first represents the commonly received opinion of the Trinity; the second describes the Arian scheme; the third treats on the Nazarean doctrine; and the fourth explains the text according to that doctrine. Our author had himself transcribed these sermons for the press, with particular directions designed for the printer. Dr Lardner's first settlement as the minister of a congregation was in the year 1729, when he was forty-five years of age. He was chosen as assistant-minister to Dr William Harris, at Crouched-friars. He seems to have been morning preacher, but not pastor. After the death of Dr Harris in 1740, Dr Benson became the minister, between whom and Dr Lardner perfect unanimity subsisted. In the year 1746 Dr Lardner (who had received his diploma from the Mareschal College, at Aberdeen, the year previously) was appointed one of the corresponding members in London of the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge and Protestant principles in the northern parts of that country and the numerous islands which are situated near its coasts. This appointment may be regarded as a tribute to his high character as a defender of religion. In 1751 he resigned his office of preacher at Crouched-friars. His reasons for this determination were, the continuance, and even increase of his deafness, the smallness of the morning auditory, and the importance of redeeming time for carrying on his long work. Our author, in addition to the preparation of his own works, generously bestowed his aid in introducing to the public notice the works of several other authors. This was the case with the valuable work of Mr Cardale, entitled 'True Doctrine of the New Testament concerning Jesus Christ,' the MS. of which was revised by Dr Lardner. And in conjunction with others, he prepared for the press the posthumous dissertations of the Rev. Moses Lowman, a learned dissenting minister at Clapham.

Providence spared the life of Dr Lardner for a long term; and, his hearing excepted, he retained to the last the use of his faculties in a remarkably perfect degree. At length, in the summer of 1768, he was seized with a decline, which carried him off in few weeks at Hawkhurst, the place of his nativity, and where he had a small paternal estate. He had been removed thither, in the hope that he might recruit his strength by a change of air, and relaxation from study. The day of his decease was the 24th of July, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His remains were conveyed to town, and deposited in Bunhill-fields burying ground. At his particular request, no sermon was preached on occasion of his death. Some time after his decease, a stone was erected to his memory, with an English inscription. A few years, since, the tomb, from its ill construction had fallen into ruins, when it was restored by the late Mr Isaac Solly, at his sole expense.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

HERDER'S PARABLES.

[Translated from the German.]

FOURTH COLLECTION.

6. *The three friends.*

Trust no friend whom thou hast not proved: they are more numerous at the table of the feast, than at the door of a prison.

A man had three friends; two of them he loved dearly; the third was indifferent to him, though he always dealt honestly with him. Once this man was summoned before a court of Justice, where he was accused strenuously, though he was innocent. 'Who of you, said he will go and testify for me, for I am sharply accused, and the king is angry?'

The first of the friends excused himself from going by the pretence of other business. The second attended him as far as the door of the court house, then turned and went back out of fear of the angry Judge. The third, whom he relied the most upon, went in, spoke in his favor, and testified so clearly to his innocence that the Judge acquitted him and gave him a present.

Man has three friends in this world. How do they bear themselves in the hour of death when God summons him to judgment? Gold, his best friend, leaves him first, and attends him not. His relatives and friends accompany him to the gates of the grave and then turn back to their homes. The third,—whom in his life, he for the most part forgets is his *good deeds*! They alone accompany him to the throne of the Judge: they go there, they plead for him and find compassion and favor.

7. *The crown of age.*

Why should not men honor, whom the Creator honors? Gray hair is a beautiful crown upon the head of the intelligent and virtuous!

Three old men once celebrated their jubilee together, and told their children why they had become so old.

One, a teacher and Priest, said 'when I began to teach, I never troubled myself about the length of the ways. I never stood arrogantly above the heads of the youth, and never did I raise my hands to bless without really blessing and praising God. Therefore I have become so old.'

The other, who was a merchant, said, 'I never have enriched myself, to the injury of my neighbor: his curse never went with me to my bed, and I have given to the poor according to my ability. Therefore God has given me years.'

The third, a judge of the people said, 'I never accepted a bribe; I never stood obstinately to my own opinions. In the most difficult cases, I sought first to overcome myself. Therefore God has blessed me with old age.'

Their sons and grandsons came to them and kissed their hands and crowned them with flowers. The fathers blessed them and said, 'May your age be like your youth, may your children be to you, what you are to us, a blooming crown of roses upon our gray hairs.

* * * *

Age is a beautiful crown; but it is only worn by the way of temperance, righteousness and wisdom.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.

Mr Editor:—without wishing to underrate combined effort in any good cause; on the contrary fully impressed with the belief that to such effort we are vastly indebted for the many improvements in the moral and physical condition of the world, more especially of this country:—I would suggest whether there is not altogether too little individual exertion, too little private, unostentatious benevolence. It has seemed to me that such is the case; that we depend rather too much upon benevolent societies, and allow our labor and contributions in their behalf to atone for lack of individual interest in the poor, the sick and the bereaved scattered around and about us.

For such, as I have hinted, benevolent societies do much, and God be praised that it is so. But how much is there that individuals alone may do—and which it is of the highest importance should be done. Without alluding now to that sympathy, encouragement, support—which it is the peculiar province of the pious heart to extend, and the bestowing of which affords such pure enjoyment, such heavenly emotions, such expansion of mind, such elevation of soul, to him who finds in it his duty and joy, I would mention a single plan, which places it in the power of every well-disposed person to do an amount of good, almost, nay quite incalculable. We all know many poor families. We perhaps have found pleasure in relieving their distresses, in alleviating their cares. We have watched the *children* of these families;—and as we have reflected upon their condition, and prospects, and it has been forced on our minds, that, growing up as they are without education, exposed to many temptations which are only found in the paths of poverty—that they must of necessity become like their parents,—objects of charity; or at least must occupy the *lowest* situations in society—as we have thus mediated, perhaps we have almost despaired, have become discouraged in our benovolent efforts, and led to the *unholy belief* that it is ordained by God, that their miseries be perpetuated to the end of time. But suppose that every man in the community, should take in charge, one poor child, watch over it from youth, to manhood, see to its education, and when that is '*finished*' find it a place of business, a good place, and then watch it, with parental care and solicitude, until 'of age.' What a vast amount of good might thus be done! and who, who of us might not do this. It requires not riches. It may be done with absolutely no expenditure of *money*.

And what holy pleasure would such a deed give us. And as the child thus treated grew up, as we witnessed its improvement, and felt within us the consciousness of doing a truly great action, how would our hearts expand, and how grateful should we be to God for the opportunity of thus exercising the benevolent feelings, which he has so wisely implanted within us.

When I reflect how much might in this way be done, and how little the cost. I wonder that it is not done—that we do not take a greater interest in our fellows. But as I attribute the negligence to want of thought rather than want of benevolence, I imagine (vainly perhaps) that a hint, even from as humble a source as this may awaken some to the conviction that they are not doing all they should for suffering humanity. Should the writer of this be the means of drawing the attention of any one to a *practical* consideration of the plan herein proposed, he would feel but too happy. C.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'LIVE AND LET LIVE.'

We—meaning thereby, I and readers who can say 'agreed'—we like this book, 'Live and Let Live.' It is a little book, and none the worse for that: A big book, all about nothing, is only so much waste paper: leading, when not recognized as such, to much waste of time.

The maternal home—paternal home it is not—of Lucy Lee, is a blessed place: for there, in that single room, is the spirit of true religion—that religion which looks for God in good, where He is ever found. The mother, toiling with her daughters for the daily bread of honesty; receiving an answer to that prayer, which in its earthly sense asks for no more of earthly food, and an abundant answer to its spiritual import:—little Jemmie, lying patient in that cradle from which he cannot rise, whom yet we can hardly pity because he loved so much:—and the father, in the background, stretched on a couch to which the vice of dreadful consequences has bound him: this is a picture on which the languid lady of fashion—in whose nursery the children of wo are famishing, dying a spiritual death for want of that food which feeds the heart—cannot look without a sigh: unless indeed her selfish nature hath blinded her to t highest beauty. Above the cradle in such a home arises, to the eye of faith, a star of hope:—some faint reflex of that star which rose over the manger where slumbered the babe of Bethlehem. When Charles Lovett gives this family bread from his baker's cart and looks for no return, he dropps seeds into a heart which returns to him, through life, the rich harvest of its love. It is hardly possible that love so beginning can end otherwise than well; and in the Ohio bake house we believe the best of bread is still baked, and eaten with thankfulness in the Ohio home. But not too fast—let us go with Lucy to service: to Mrs Broadson's who as Bridget says 'has no more heart than a hollow potatoe,' and who with her, 'there are only two of us,' and 'I never do' almost works the life out of poor little Lucy. Bridget, the washerwoman, her fellow domestic is well sketched. In truth this sketch of Irish character, in its likeness to the original; its conformity to nature; and in its delicate shading of the coarser parts, forms a picture almost beautiful. The author of this book seems to have a lurking fondness for the Irish, and we like her the better for it. No people on earth is so abused as this same Irish.

From Mrs Broadson's Lucy goes to Mrs Ardley's; who had 'six servants in the house, and nothing but 'odds and ends' for Lucy to do. The odds and ends of six servants, and a lot of children, proves quite enough; as any one having knowledge of odd and end work will readily believe. Lucy returns to her mother sick; recovers, and goes to serve Mrs Simson; in her little sphere an ambitious woman; in vulgar but expressive parlance a *driver*: who overworks herself and Lucy while her eldest daughter, Miss Aurelia, dawdles 'about all the morning in a greasy black silk:' a novel or bit of soiled muslin embroidery in hand. Dame Simson is a trading woman, fond of 'turning the penny:' but the earrings, good for nothing, cant be put off to Lucy for half price; nor the bombazine gown out of the rag bag for a dollar and half. Our heroine goes from Mrs Simson's to Mrs Lovett's, (the baker boy's mother.) We can dwell with no pleasure on characters like Mrs Broadson, Mrs Ardley, and Mrs Simson; but Mrs Lovett, and her seven sons, are good company: though somewhat too noisy for weak nerves. The table cloth, with plates placed 'so as to humor the spots,' would certainly be better quite clean: but consider the motive: that the washes may not be 'too heavy' for Dinah. The breakfast scene is admirable in its way: the stranger German, who knows no word of English, but to whom nevertheless the children make their kindness intelligible:—Bobby puts his favorite cat on the stranger's knee, and the baby snatches a 'buckwheat' and offers it to him, dropping the molasses all over the table cloth: Bob and puss drink milk out of the same cup: and Bob laughed at on account of his messmate, retorts, 'Sam lets his dog eat out of his plate, and the bantam cock pick the corns off his lips—you need not laugh so mother, pussy's mouth is cleaner than baby's was yesterday when you kissed it, and said you did not mind such a sweet little fellow's dirt.' Bob comes off, at last, triumphant from the general ridicule; jumping up behind mother's chair, and giving her sweet kisses; transferring molasses from his own lips to her chin, cheeks, and forehead: whereat there is a general shout. 'If Mrs Lovett had some defects which impaired the effect of her virtues, or rather diminished the amount of good she might have produced, we do not care to analyze them. It seems unreasonable to demand an exact arrangement of rich spontaneous productions.' True: 'tis best not to analyze such defects: apart from the difficulty of doing it, no good can come of it when done. Such a character cannot be *imitated*. We think Mrs Lovett much better than a 'pattern lady.' An Irish girl said: faultless people are lifeless: and there is truth in this saying. It is certain, however incredible it may appear to some, that children living amid a little outside-platter dirt often grow up to be men and women having hearts quite clean. Mrs Lovett herself had purity of heart, warm affections, energy and steadfastness; and 'could manifest displeasure when her children failed in an act of kindness.' Her rule seems to have been to check, and restrain her children, only when they were manifestly and essentially in the wrong. It was her nature to draw them through love of Good: not to drive them through fear of Evil. She only turned them toward truth and allowed them go on with a hop-step and jump: and best so: for young hearts are bounding things. The 'rough-and-tumble' life, if it be *in* good, is best for boys.

The old Lovetts remove to Ohio taking with them all the young ones, save only our friend Charles the oldest, who remains to conduct the bakery; and Lucy, somewhat sorrowful, goes to serve Mrs Hartell. This lady, and Miss Adele the French nurse, make a precious pair, on whom we can bestow only a passing notice. The lady is as little capable of a mother's duties as the frenchwoman of a nurse's; and poor little Eugene (the babe) consigned to the tender mercies of the latter gets pinches on the arm, and laudanum to make him sleep; has fits and stands at death's door. Previous to this result, however, Lucy threatens to inform the mistress or master of the Frenchwoman's diabolical doings, who, thereupon, determines to ruin her; and plots for that purpose. Lucy appears, to Mrs Hartell, to be a thief, and is turned out of doors: she goes to a Mrs Hyde whom she had once seen at Mrs Hartell's. Mrs Hyde hears Lucy's story, takes her in, and treats her well. This is the last serving place: she stays here four years, if we remember aright, and at the end of that term, as appears by a letter to her mother, is about to marry Charles Lovett and follow the old people to Ohio. By and by, when the second crop of Lovetts ripens in Mrs Sedgewick's imagination, we hope she will send it to market so that we may see what stuff it is: the old 'rough-and-tumble' character somewhat modified by Lucy's gentler virtues. There will, we suppose, be fewer spots 'to humor:' alas! where there are *none*, how heavy are Dinah's washes!

We have said here too little of Lucy, but we make one extract now to show her *religion*, any one *knowing that*, may figure forth her life. In answer to an enquiry of Mrs Hyde's, if she had lived without prayers: she replies,

'Indeed I have not Mrs Hyde. Mother always told us that the heart can rise to God in prayer at any time, just as a little child, when it is in the room with its mother, whatever happens, turns its eyes to her. Sometimes in the thickest of my work, and always when I feel either very glad or very sorry' ——— Lucy paused, and a blush overspread her cheek: she was abashed at the thought of how freely she, who had never spoken on such subjects but to her mother, was confiding her spiritual experience—'Go on, my child' said Mrs Hyde with a smile so sweet and kind, that Lucy forgot every thing but that she was talking to one who listened with interest, 'I was only going to say, ma'am, that I could always pray, even at Mrs Hartell's, where there was no outward sign there was a God—except little Eugene, and he seemed to me just like an angel from Heaven; and I felt sometimes, when his head lay on my bosom as if we were worshipping together'—— This Mrs Hyde is doubtless the most correct woman in the book; but, somehow, we cant love her much: Lucy's mother and Mrs Lovett coming before her have have *prepossessed* us. 'Tis true, we *ought* to like her and love her, but we have some sins of our own and love them, and so ———

The purpose of this book is to illustrate a truth,—theoretically believed by all, practically denied by many,—that human beings *are* human beings still, though obliged to work for wages: and it is pretty clearly shown therein that in this world the highest are not always found in the highest places. Verily when outward things drop off it shall be seen that the 'last are first' and 'the first last.'

Our sketch of this little book is imperfect enough, and so best; for it is not our purpose to gratify curiosity, but rather to excite it and point to the book itself. It is worth the reading. V.

AN ARGUMENT FOR THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF THE SCRIPTURES.—'There are four grand arguments for the truth of the Bible. The first is the miracles on record—2d, the prophecies—3d, the goodness of the doctrine—4th, the moral character of the penmen. The miracles flow from divine power: the prophecies from divine understanding; the excellence of the doctrine from divine goodness; and the moral character of the penmen from divine purity. This Christianity is built upon these four immovable pillars, the power, the understanding, the goodness and the purity of God. The Bible must be the invention of good men or angels, bad men or devils, or God. It could not be the invention of good men or angels, for they neither would nor could tell lies all the time they are writing, saying, 'Thus saith the Lord,' when it was their own invention. It could not be the invention of bad men or devils, for they could not make a book which commands all duty, forbids all sin, and condemns their souls to hell to all eternity. I therefore draw this conclusion—the Bible must be given by divine inspiration.

In reading the other day Letters from Constantinople by an American Resident, published by Harper & Brothers, in 1835, we noticed the following passages which may be interesting to some of our readers.

AT-MEIDAN.

Every body has heard of the 'At meidan,' the ancient Hippodrome. The Turks call it the 'et-meidan.' Now 'at-meidan' means the horse-place, which was the ancient signification: and 'et-meidan,' means the 'eating place,' or rather, 'meat-place;'—because here the Janizaries were served with their mutton and other articles of provision. Although 'horse-place,' and 'meat-place,' are of very different signification, it is not worth while to inquire which is wrong, when it is evident that both are right. Those who gave it the ancient, as well as those who gave it the modern appellation, are equally correct; for it has been as much used for the training of horses, as for the serving out of rations.

The 'at-meidan' is an oblong square of between 250 and 300 yards in length, and not quite half as much in breadth. On one side stands the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and on the other are extensive barracks, built on the side of those which were occupied by the Janizaries, and destroyed during the revolt. There are some other buildings which occupy this side, and among the rest, a menagerie, (as I am informed, for I was never in it,) and a manufactory of carriages and paint shops. Each end is enclosed by buildings not worthy of note.

MOSQUE OF ACHMED.

The Mosque of Sultan Achmed is a very magnificent building, enclosed by a marble base wall with square columns on it, and the spaces between these filled in with a handsome iron fence. The base wall is about four and a half feet high, and the whole heigth of the enclosure about ten feet. The wall and the columns are in some places well spattered with the shot fired from the Janizary barracks, and wherever one struck and fastened, it has left a black spot of considerable diameter.

There is an old building also, which makes part of the enclosure of the mosque, which has been well *peppered*, as well as a temple which adjoins it.

There are other mosques which are larger, particularly Suleiman's; but I think Achmet's is the pride of Constantinople. It has six minarets. There is a delicate neatness about the minaret, which far exceeds in beauty our most magnificent and towering steeples. There is also a beautiful uniformity about them that is highly pleasing. I cannot give you a better idea of a minaret than this. Imagine an immense alabaster candlestick, with a pure white spermaceti candle of proportionate size, with an extinguisher of lead, copper or gold. On the top of this, from a delicate stem which is scarcely visible, twinkles a golden crescent, the ancient arms of Byzantium, and the present arms of the Ottomans. From the part which represents the top of the candlestick, may be heard the mellow tones of the musseiam, like a voice from heaven, crying, 'God is great! come to prayer! come to prayer! come to prayer! for prayer is better than food!' The Turks are certainly a very pious people. Fountains for washing the hands and feet, and elevations by the way-side, with a stone placed thereon, pointing the direction to Mecca, are every where to be found; and it is an every day, nay, an every hour occurrence, for a Turk to stop suddenly in the street, or wherever he may be, and offer up his adorations to God. They seem to me to be actuated by sudden pious impulses. I do not think they have any regular times to go to the mosques.

In the centre of the at-meidan is a large Egyptian obelisk of granite, of a single piece, and covered on every side with hieroglyhics. This is supported by an immense block of white marble, covered with innumerable figures in bass relief, representing victories, dances, triumphal games, &c. From this, the obelisk is separated by four brass props, or feet.

The marble base already described, rests on another, covered with inscriptions and devices; and among the latter, is a representation of the manner of erecting the obelisk, which appears to have been effected chiefly by means of a mound of earth gradually raised on one side of it. The whole may be about sixty feet high.

LOST BOOK OF JOSHUA.

A friend of mine, the Rev. Mr Goodell, now usefully employed here in the establishment of Lancasterian free schools, and who speaks and reads the Turkish language well, has recently copied and translated an inscription on the walls of this mosque, the purport of which is, that 'Joshua, the giant, was sent by Moses, for the purpose of chastising the Greeks, with whom he was at war; that he arrived at this mountain, and wanting sufficient light to enable him to do the thing properly, he caused the sun and moon to stand still.' However, I shall get a copy of it, and send it to you. In the Scriptures, the fact of the sun and moon standing still, is given on the authority of Joshua, who wrote a book which has been lost. Now there can be no doubt that this account is taken from this lost book, and it would be a most curious circumstance, if I should be so fortunate as to recover it, by the means of this little inscription on a mosque, on the top of the Giant's Mount. I shall make an effort with the hope of success; for the book whence this is extracted, must still be in existence, and money can buy a copy of it.

There are two places where this book is referred to, in the Scriptures. First, in the tenth chapter of Joshua; and next, in the first chapter of the second book of Samuel. The holy

writers seem to have thought him good authority, and his book would, without doubt, be of great use in elucidating many parts of the early Scriptures.

Since I began this letter, I have obtained a translation of the inscription on the mosque of the Giant's Mount; copied and translated by the Rev. Mr Goodell, and the Rev. Mr Farmer. The inscription is in the Turkish and the Arabic, and in both languages the same. It is as follows—

'This is the place of Lord Joshua, the son of Nun, on whom be peace; who was not of the family of the priests, but of the prophets. Lord Moses, on whom be peace, sent him against the Greeks. Now Lord Joshua, on whom be peace, on a certain day, in the first battle fought with the Greek nation, and while he was fighting, the sun went down on account of the Greek nation; but while he fought, the sun rose again, after he had gone down, and the Greek nation could not escape. The Greek nation saw the miracle of Lord Joshua, on whom be praise; and at that time, had Lord Joshua, on whom be praise, taught the faith, they would have received it. And should any one, male or female, deny it, there is in the holy temple (at Jerusalem), a history. Let them look at that, and believe that he was a prophet. Finis.'

The word translated Lord, is in the original, '*Hazzellery*,' and corresponds with the French monseigneur. It might be rendered excellency, or any other high sounding title.

[From the London Family Magazine.]

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

The mother's place in the parental influence is first—first in time, and therefore first in effects, and therefore first in importance. As she gives the first nourishment of natural, she must give the first nourishment of moral life. It is from the nurse of his infancy the child catches the first reflections of character: her accents of kindness or rebuke, her smile, or her frown, give him the first intelligence of pleasure or pain. Thus we see the importance ascribed to mothers in scripture, as the mothers of Samuel and Timothy. Jesus himself, the perfection of human virtue, was committed to the arms of a pious mother; and it was under her care that he grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man; while, as in the case of Jacob and the sons of Zebedee, the faults of some of God's saints may be traced to the evil example of faulty mothers.

The Scriptures expressly declare children to be a heritage from the Lord. Eve, as she clasped her first-born to her heart, exclaimed, 'I have gotten a man from the Lord.' Thus should every mother regard her child. As she looks upon the little frame, so fearfully and wonderfully made, and watches the feeble light of the dawning mind, she should mark the work of God, into which he has breathed a living soul, and a work commensurate in importance of purpose with the skill displayed in it.

The purpose of the gift must, then, be the Divine glory. Her child is to glorify God in body and soul on earth, and as an immortal being throughout eternity. She looks upon her little one as a 'vessel of God' in his own person, to render God glory; and in the necessary connections of society, to produce upon others an influence incalculable. For who can calculate the influences of a single child as it lies in the cradle? Who would have seen in the young Napoleon the overturner of Europe's time-honored dynasties, and the almost master of the world? Who can tell the eternal results of the life of him who learned the scriptures in his infancy by the side of Eunice and Lois?

The child is given into her care; she is to watch over its tender life, and sustain it while incapable of sustaining itself. The providence of God says to her, in the plainest accents, 'Take this child, and nurse it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages.' To be faithless therefore, in maternal tenderness, is to be faithless to her trust. But the child is an intellectual being; it is therefore equally her duty to see the young mind trained for intelligent action. It is a being of affections, and destined to hold important moral relations; these affections, therefore, are to be cultivated, and cultivated by her in whose hands he has been placed. In a word, the child belongs to God, and the pious mother regards herself as honored with the responsible duties of its guardianship as a social, intellectual and moral being; therefore, 'she lends him unto the Lord,'—she returns him unto God again. She does not abandon her duty as guardian—she cannot do so and not sin; but she considers him as not her own. She looks upon him as a child of God, a treasure which she is to use profitably for his glory: she holds him for God's sake. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, has received much praise because she declared her sons to be her jewels: the Spartan mother deserved more when she considered her boys as the treasures of her country. But the Christian mother regards her child as a jewel belonging to her, which she is to polish and prepare for her Redeemer's crown; she therefore solemnly dedicates him unto God.

She educates him for God: God's glory is the end of the instruction she bestows upon her child. Her aim is not to make him rich, and popular, and distinghished among men, but to make him useful in his Master's cause on earth, that he may be admitted to his Master's glory in heaven.

We read of a painter in ancient times, who when reproached for the slowness of his work, because of the pains he took with it, answered, 'I paint for eternity.' Thus should the Christian mother feel while educating her child, and derive the moral influences which are to give the hues of his character from the word of God, and seek to imprint them, by every means, with the blessing of the Spirit of God. She has given him up to God, and will therefore allow no misguided affections, no fond wishes for earthly ease and distinctions, to turn her from her duty. She knows that the path of duty is arduous,—that the way to life is narrow, and oftimes afflictive; yet she would rather that her child should suffer affliction with the people of God, than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

Thus she desires for him the best training. Hannah brought her child to the temple of Him to whom she had given him, and he slept close beside the ark of the Lord: so will the Christian mother, in her child's earliest days, seek to place him close beneath the droppings of the sanctuary, and, in her faith, near that blessed Savior whom that ark so faintly typified.

How insufficient is every other mean to supply the place of maternal prayers, maternal example, maternal counsel, and maternal faith! God has committed the trust to the mother; she cannot delegate it to another without sin. An eminent bishop, Jeremy Taylor, thought it worth his while to write against the common practice of mothers committing children to the breasts of others for nourishment, as invading the order the God of nature designed; but how much more guilty is that mother who commits her child's mind, and heart, and soul, to the care of others for that nourishment and training, God in his providence and his word, hath commanded her to give! Will the hireling teacher supply a mother's heart? Vain, too, will be dependence upon Sabbath Schools and preachers, except the mother at home, with a mother's tenderness, and in home's peculiar sanctity, prepares the child to receive the instruction, and re-enforces it when received. 'It is an awful thing to be a mother,' said Clytemnestra, as her daughter was led out to sacrifice; but what will be the awful lot of that mother, whose child, throughout eternity, must suffer the consequences of her carelessness and sin!

But if faithful, how glorious will be her reward! The promise to her faith is certain. 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.' Happy mother! blessed with thine own reward for being faithful to the trust God has given thee! Happy in the useful life and immortal blessedness of thy child! Eternity alone can disclose the riches of thy bliss.

A certain old woman came to Gratian the emperor, and with much clamor complained to him of her husband, to whom the emperor mildly said, 'Woman, what are these things to me?' 'But,' said she, 'he hath also spoken many things against thy majesty.' To which he then said, 'Woman, what is that to thee?'

There is a sublime moral in this short and simple, yet touching tale; which it will be for the pleasure and profit of all our young readers to peruse with attention, and which, the elder may not omit without a loss.

We extract it from the Portland Daily Courier.

THE LITTLE HUNCH BACK GIRL.

'O mother,' said little Ellen, bursting into tears, and throwing her head into her mother's lap, 'how happy I am, that there is a *Heaven*; and I wish I could go to it now; *now*, dear mother.' Mrs G—— took the child in her arms, hardly able to speak for tears. She well knew the many trials to which her unoffending daughter was subjected, and she felt for her, as none but mothers similarly situated can feel.—'What has happened to disturb you, my dear? Who has spoken harshly to you?' 'No one, no one, Mother. And I never mind it much, mother, when the little girls do call me names; they don't mean any hurt. But, O mother, how I might be loved, were I as beautiful as my cousin Mary. Aunt says I am a better child, more gentle and kind, but every body loves cousin Mary the moment they see her; and they smile upon her and often kiss her. This morning Mary and I were playing together, and a lady passed by with a sweet pleasant face. I loved her as soon as I saw her. She stopped and praised Mary's pretty ringlets and bright eyes, and kissed her rosy cheeks. Mother, I almost wished it was . . . . . Then she looked at me and said, 'poor child.' Then, mother, I could not keep from weeping. And, and she gave me some *money*. She *could'nt* love me, and so she gave me *money*.'—'Ellen, Ellen,' said the widow, in the bitterness of feeling, 'you will break my heart.' 'Mother, will you take the money and buy some clothes for little John who comes to the door to beg? I shall never bear to think of it. And, now, mother, I will read and not feel unhappy any more.'

'I am afraid it troubled Mary to see you so much grieved; had you not better go and speak to her my dear?'

'Not now, mother; I'm afraid she don't love me as well as I do her. When I turned to come away, she said—"What a fool you are to do so, Ellen; the lady might in welcome, have given you the kisses, had she given me the money.—I should'nt mind having a hunch-back, if people would give *me* money."'

'Poor Mary; I'm afraid her beauty will be her ruin. Would you not rather be as you are dear Ellen, than feel as Mary does?' 'Yes, indeed, mother. But I have tried to feel and think, that what you say is true; that the *good* are always loved: but mother you are mistaken, *beauty* is loved: people hardly ever think of goodness.'

'My dear, people cannot tell how you think; they regard you as a mere child. I love you because you are a good and dutiful child. When you are older others will love you, because you will be amiable, useful and pious. And remember, my dear, that our Father above can see within you a soul, far more beautiful than the body of your cousin Mary. And in a few years this covering of the body will be dropped and we shall see each other, not the bodies, but that part which is truly, really, ourselves. And then, my dear, goodness will be beauty. Cannot my daughter wait patiently for that time?'

'Yes, mother, yes, so long as I have *you* to love. But I cannot stay long to be loved by none but you, and pitied by all beside.' 'My love, you will think less of the opinion of the world, as you live longer. You will feel that we are placed here to do good to our fellow creatures and be prepared for a better world.' 'But mother can I ever stay to be as old as you are? I love the little birds and green trees and pretty flowers, but still the world looks cold and dark and I want to be away.' 'My dear, we must wait our Father's time. Though your body is homely and deformed, God has made your spirit perfect, and that, you know, will never die, while the most beautiful body will crumble to dust. Think, my dear, of the great blessing you have received, and do not repine for those which are withholden.' 'I will, mother, and be grateful to God for giving me such a mother, who has taught me to be patient and contented under my trials. I might have been illnatured, and envied dear cousin Mary for her beauty, had God given me a different mother.'

The widow pressed her close and closer to her heart, and the child and mother wept long and bitterly. 'Ellen, many and many, have been the tears I have shed over you in your infancy for I well knew that if your life was spared that all these trials awaited you. But my prayers, that you might be blessed with a spirit to bear them, have been answered. Your good aunt, with her beautiful Mary, is a less happy mother than yours, Ellen.'

'I will be patient and happy, dear mother, that I may grieve you no more,' said little Ellen, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. Poor Ellen was scarcely eight years old. She had been subjected from her infancy to the thoughtless taunts of her young companions, and even when they forbore their unkind and inconsiderate remarks, they often indirectly and unconsciously wounded her sensitive nature, and helped to break her young and gentle spirit. She was indeed sorely stricken; her body was stinted and deformed, and her face with the exception of a very sweet and intelligent expression, was remarkably plain. She became thoughtful, contemplative, and affectionate, and dwelt so much on the happiness of Heaven that she longed to lay her down and die. The widow felt that the desire of the child would be gratified. She saw her little frame wasting away, and a bright unnatursl fire gathering in her eye, while her countenance sometimes wore an expression almost of beauty. Her young spirit seemed already disenthralled from every earthly passion and feeling, and glowed with an intensity of love, a stretch of intellect and depth of thought, that seemed almost supernatural. Her sufferings were so slight, she was able, almost to the last, to go about the house, and busy herself, with her books and flowers. A few moments before her death, she laid herself upon the sofa, saying, 'mother, I am weary and will sleep.' The mother felt that it was her last sleep. She kissed her cheek. Ellen opened her eyes, and looked up; 'mother, you will be all alone when I am gone, but I shall be so happy, you won't wish me back, dear mother. How very good our Father in Heaven is to let me go so soon!' She half raised her little arms, as if to embrace her mother; they fell back; little Ellen had left the body. Mrs G. felt that she was indeed a widowed and childless woman, but she scarcewept. She lived many years like one who felt she was a 'stranger and a pilgrim' here, administering to the sick and relieving the wretched, and was at length buried by the side of her beloved husband and Ellen.

THE OLD AND NEW ROADS TO FAME.

Messrs. Editors:—The present age, as you know, is an age of improvement. Every movement is not only by steam, but on the principle of accommodation. To every interesting object, an easier and quicker, if not a more excellent way, is showed. Among many other discoveries of this age, it would be strange if some improvements had not been pointed out in the method of gaining popularity. An easy, and expeditious, and sure road to fame, has long been in the view of many a desideratum. And it has at length been surveyed, and laid out and opened, and is becoming a road of great travel. I will attempt a brief description of it. But to exhibit its improvements in a just light I must first give you some account of the old road, so that you and your readers may be able to appreciate the vast improvements of the new road.

The old road to fame, in the country inhabited by all honorable, respectable people of moral principle, begins in the town of Honesty, and proceeds directly on through the villages of Sincerity and Godly Simplicity, leaving the quagmire of Fleshly Wisdom far off on the left. It is a straight road, consequently in a country of quite a broken surface—it frequently is hilly, and often very narrow, admitting no deviations for policy or convenience. It often requires many strenuous efforts, and the laying aside of many weights, to walk in it. Of course the progress is slow, and the temple of Fame is not reached until the traveller has passed through the straits of Tried Integrity and Established Reputation, and has laboured up the long hill of Patient Continuance in well doing. These are some of the outlines of the old road, to travel which, is, as you will perceive, at best a rugged journey of many years. But rugged as it is, no man can expect to enjoy public approbation till he has travelled the whole length of this road. And you will easily perceive, from the nature of the case, that some improvements must be, in such an age as this, desirable, and the object of diligent search. And I am happy to inform you that a new route has been discovered, by which this toilsome journey of years is performed in a few days. And that now you may see striplings in their teens crowding the temple of fame, and men who started but yesterday, nay, even some that took an early breakfast at home in their village of Native Obscurity, are in the temple of Fame to tea.

But I promised to give you a description of the new road to Fame. It begins in the Borough of self-conceit, which stands on elevated ground. Thence the road goes down the steep hill of Moral delinquency, into the valley of No-difference. In this valley runs the crooked stream of Policy, which has many turns and windings. Along the margin of this stream is laid the rail road of All Things to All Men, on which plies the regular car of Flattery, the chief engineer to which is Mr Anything. In this valley, arising from the stream above mentioned, is a thick Fog which settles on the valley, and which the sun of truth never scatters. Those who pass through the valley therefore are out of sight; they may go to many different points of compass—they may cross their own track, or go back and forward as their fancy or interest directs, and not to be exposed to suffer the consequences of their inconstancy. On this account, the aspirants for fame on the modern improved plan, are very fond of passing through the valley of No-difference, or of taking a parallel route through the valley of Moderation, which lies a little way off toward the town of No-where, and is equally benefitted by the Fog. Or if travellers wish to avoid suspicion, by going directly through these vallies in the regular car of Flattery piloted by Mr Anything, they can take the accommodation car of Both Sides, which has two stories, one above the Fog, and one below it. When indifference and obscurity become unpopular, they go into the upper story of the car Both Sides, and appear in the clear sunshine of decision. When, if the tables should turn and obscurity become popular, they can descend into the lower story and be enveloped in the Fog. In this car, many of the more cautious, managing, and wary travellers take their passage to Fame.

In the level valley above mentioned, the rail road lies on a perfect plain for a great distance, which is passed over with great velocity, so much so, that some of the travellers lose their hats, and some their senses. At length, however, the plain is obstructed by a rising ground. And here the cars are drawn up the inclined plane of Public observation, by the Steam Engine, Party Spirit. This engine draws so powerfully and rapidly, that characters, as they pass over the hill of Public inspection, are not seen so distinctly, so that, whatever blots or stains they may have contracted in the valley or fog of No-difference, all pass off well under the pressure of Party Spirit. And I observed that this engine had one peculiarity. The more deeply any character was blotted or stained, the harder would the engine draw, and the more rapidly would the character pass over the hill. In this way I have seen men pass on the road to fame, who have been guilty of the most flagrant duplicity, and the most palpable inconsistency—men who have stooped to tricks and artifice to carry their points, that would have disgraced a common political demagogue, and yet these men, though occupying important stations in the Church, have passed the hill of Public Inspection without a question. And, moreover, I ought to say that on this hill is a great bull dog called Persecution, which is instantly let loose on any one who should dare to ask any question as to the character or proceedings of those who pass on this new road to Fame.

After passing this hill, there is no obstruction to the traveller till the cars arrive in a few minutes at the foot of the hill on which the temple of Fame is situated. And here is the tunnel of You-help-me and I'll-help you, which penetrates to the centre of the hill, and hence there is an aperture upwards to the entrance of the temple, in which aperture plays the steam engines of Public Speeches and Newspaper Puffs, which take the traveller up the very pinnacle of fame in an instant. And I declare to you that in this way I have seen men advance to be *G*overnors and Judges, Presidents and Professors of Colleges and Theological Seminaries, who, on the old road would not have arrived at the bottom of the hill, in a hundred years. Indeed, I have seen men who, after toiling for years on the old road and having overcome every obstacle but the last hill, and having grown grey in the service, have turned and gone clear back, undoing all they had done to take the new route. There is but just one obstacle to prevent every one, who wishes for fame from reaching it on the new road, and that is CONSCIENCE. Some persons are so unfortunate as to have this encumbrance, with which they cannot pass on the new road. They must content themselves to be without fame, or to trudge on in the old road. But to all who are unincumbered in this respect, the road to fame is now open and easy.—*Watchman.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE ORDINATION. No. 1.

CONFESSION AND COVENANT.

Ordination is a kind of *native* of our New England. The consecration of a minister of the gospel to his official work, among other religious denominations than the Congregationalists of New England, creates but little interest, attracts, comparatively, but little attention. Here, from the beginning, the fact has been otherwise. An ordination has been a holiday; it stood at the head of all the days of distinction, was not only a day of solemnities, but also of festivity, of rejoicing; with some, of mirth and dissipation. When a people became destitute of a minister, their first object was the re-establishment of one. A day of fasting and prayer was first observed; then a candidate employed on probation, as it was termed, for three months or more. If acceptable, a call was extended, and the day of the ordination fixed on, some six, eight, or ten weeks ahead; during which time, the pastor elect made exchanges with the ministers of the neighboring churches, who, by their pastors and delegates, were to compose the ordaining council. On every intervening day, the ordination was thought of, talked of, and being prepared for. At length the interesting occasion is just at hand. The council are assembled on the preceding evening; likewise many others, at the mansions of their relatives, excited by the occasion, to make, from the distance of twenty or thirty miles, an extra social visit. On the morn of the day, there arrived a conflux, from all the neighboring towns, of the serious and the gay, of the steady and the dissipated. Every habitation in the parish is now converted into a public house of free entertainment. The order of the day is to eat, to drink, and to be merry. It is a sort of coronation. In a manner, the minister is enthroned as the head, the leader, and the shepherd of his flock and people. He becomes an officer of government: and though, which was seldom the fact, he proved to be a cumberance, instead of a blessing, it was a difficult matter, and next to impossible, to oust him. As of the old English Christmas, there was the first day, and the second, and the third day of Christmas, so there were successive holidays at an ordination, which tapered off, perhaps, on Friday or Saturday eve.

Times are now changed; whether for better or for worse, on the whole, is a question differently solved. But it is inevitable. The change could not have been helped, even if every minister and church member had, like the Scotch covenanters, entered into a written and solemn league to withstand it.

As yet, however, an ordination is an occasion of interest, and calls together, perhaps, a better assembly than when the rabble followed at its heels. A few weeks ago, common report announced one to take place, on a certain day, in the vicinity of my residence, of which opportunity I made avail, and attended. At a seasonable hour, an overflowing congregation, (the seated part of which consisted chiefly of females, attired in their gala, with countenances beaming brightness and good feeling,) graced the house—a new and superb building, recently erected on border ground, to supply the places of two former establishments. The parts in due succession, went off well; the performers acquitting themselves creditably, and with good acceptance. Every attendant perhaps, retired from the place with a pleasant impression. I do not except even myself; though I have now taken up my pen with design to put down, in black and white, some fault-noting, but not, I trust, ill-natured and groundless animadversions. I am not prone to find fault; that is not my infirmity. It is of a different description; and consists of an inability to say *no*, and to say *nought* at the bidding of moral propriety and obligation. My heart is not now rankling, but, if I know it, pervaded with sentiments of sobriety and consideration.

Previously to the consecration of the pastor, a new church, composed of members detached from an old one in the neighborhood, was constituted by reading to them a pre-composed Confession and Covenant, containing many distinct articles, made savory with the language and doctrine of the old Westminster Catechism. On their assenting to this formulary, the candidates were pronounced a regular church of Christ, reminded of the vows of God, now upon them, and exhorted to hold fast, and to adorn their profession.

There was much solemnity, and I doubt not, pious feeling, in this transaction. But I call in question its propriety. And while I offer my opinion, submit the same for the examination of others. My intention is to be candid, sober, and just. With these sentiments in my heart, I proceed to inquire, 1st, For the purpose of using confessions and creeds; 2d, The authority for the use of them; 3d, their expediency, tendency, and effects.

And first, for what purpose are public confessions and creeds? They are used as a test of religious doctrine, and assent to them is a condition to the enjoyment of privilege. They are designed to be the pillar and ground of a church, and all who have a standing in that church, must stand on this foundation. They are the door of access, and none can be admitted, except by it. They are, in a moral sense, the wedding garment, and the man not wearing it, may not enter, or must be excluded if he has. They serve the purpose of an inclosure around the most holy place in the Christian sanctuary, and those whom it debars, are considered profane and ungodly. They profess to contain the doctrine of the bible, expressed in better terms. Such is the purpose of creeds.

We now inquire for the authority; whence is it derived? Comes it from Christ, the great Head of the church? No other authority, it will be conceded, is admissible and competent. On no other subject, appertaining to religious doctrine and ecclesiastical practice, are the usages of the church deemed to be a valid authority. No enlightened Christian will now contend, that the doctrine of Episcopacy, or that of the Trinity, or that of infant baptism, &c., can be duly established, except by the authority of Holy Scripture. And the same must be admitted in regard to the use of creeds and covenants in the constitution of churches. These creeds become the platform of the church, the condition of admission to the ordinances of the gospel. By means of them, a fence is built up around the altar, and none permitted to approach it, but the initiated and succumbing. The authority assumed, therefore, is great, and it should be regarded as responsible. It is no less than to say who may come, and who shall not come, to the font of baptism, and the table of the commemorative supper;—ordinances appointed by the Savior himself.

The sentiment obviously so prevalent among our orthodox brethren, that the profession of a present belief in a doctrine is a solemn pledge, a promise sacredly given, that this belief would be adhered to, and preserved through all future life, must be an entire mistake. This conclusion results from the very nature of the case. Our belief depends, if rational, on the existing evidence in our minds. But this evidence, from various causes, is liable to change. We cannot, and ought not to try to prevent its changing. We may to-day, rationally and honestly believe a thing; but to-morrow as rationally and honestly disbelieve it. We may with propriety promise what we will do, but not what we will believe. S. F.

[*To be continued.*]

UNCLE BENJAMIN'S SERMON.

Not many hours ago, I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of the pressure. 'Rely upon it, Sammy,' said the old man, as he leaned on his staff, with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning, 'murmuring pays no bills.' I have been an observer any time these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer is any the better for fingering. The more you groan, the poorer you grow.

'Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides, I always took notice, that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was as much as to say, 'Here is something which you have got to learn.' Sammy, dont forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children.'

'Ay,' cried Sammy, 'you may say that, and a mother-in-law and two apprentices into the bargain; and I should like to know what a poor man can learn here, when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at loggerheads, and can't for their lives tell what has become of the hard money.'

'Softly, Sammy, I am older than you. I have not got these gray hairs and this crooked back without some burdens. I could tell you stories of the days of continental money, when my grandfather used to stuff a sulky-box with bills to pay for a yearling or a wheat fan: and when the Jersey women used thorns for pins, and laid their tea-pots away in the garret. You wish to know what you can learn? You may learn these seven things:

'First, That you have saved too *little*, and spent too *much*. I never taught you to be a miser, but I have seen you giving your dollar for a 'notion,' when you might have laid one half aside for charity, and one half aside for a rainy day.

'Secondly, That you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you credit was a shadow; it shows that there is a substance behind, which casts the shadow; but a small body may cast a greater shadow; and no wise man will follow the shadow any further than he can see the substance. You may now learn, that you have followed the opinion and fashion of others, until you have been decoyed into a bog.

'Thirdly that you have been in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy, wins the race.

'Fourthly, That no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid the younger race of working men in America have had a notion that nobody would go to ruin on this side of the water. Providence has greatly blessed us, but we have become presumptuous.

'Fifthly, That you have not been thankful enough to God, for his benefits in past times.

'Sixthly, That you may be thankful that our lot is no worse. We might have famine, or pestilence, or war, or tyranny, or all together.

'And, lastly, To end my sermon, you may learn to offer, with more understanding, the prayer of your infancy, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away at the forge bellows.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 2, 1837.

OUR ODD DRAWER.

Not having any matter directly forced upon our attention to draw out our editorial tale to the fashionable length, and being constitutionally impatient of spending much time in hunting after fresh springs of thought in the arid desert of a seemingly exhausted and overburdened mind, we find ourself, on this Wednesday morning, turning about with something of the langour of the *Sluggard upon his bed*, in search of some source of help in such a pitiful emergency. And yet the comparison with the Sluggard of the *Proverbs*, does but in part hold, for the language of *our* moan is 'would that there *were* now a *lion* in the streets.'

Directly we bethought ourself of our Odd Drawer.

What this comfortable hole of refuge is, every scribe, from the Immortal Milton down to the ephemeral Editor of the Christian Register and Observer, knows full well.

Grand receptacle for all the rubbish and refuse of the mind—its odds and ends, shreds and patches of thought, the Student's rag bag. (And, by the by, what a rich treat to have had the overhauling of Shakspeare's or Milton's—a peep into the East India Museum were dull pastime in the comparison)

Now then for the key—for who does not keep his intellectual nondescripts under the lock—if indeed it can be found. Luckily the key is at hand; and now the Odd Drawer opens, and the light of day gleams upon its chaos, for the first time these many months; for Editors and ministers, in full work, make little waste, but pick up and put to use their chips and filings as they go along.

But alas, how shall we make a selection! It were no less than an Augean labor to choose any thing satisfactory out of such a confused and illdigested heap, wherein, perhaps, after all there is not a single pearl; or, though there be that which in the midst of so much dun ore, may appear to shine, still it is not probable that the brightest here, would sparkle when exposed to the sunshine amidst the gems that grace the columns of the Observer!!

We will however thrust the hand down at a venture, and see what we can pick up.

A bundle labelled *college themes!!* We thought all the articles under that head had long ago shared the fate of the Ephesian letters. Or, not to compare small things with great, we did not dream that one could have survived the hour, when, with a savage delight, a score of us classmates kindled for our common offspring the funeral pyre, and shouted at the burning of *the Innocents*. But, verily, this is their last day of grace, and they shall pay at length the debt which they owe to the grand destroyer, whose vengeance, no thing is so small as to elude, none so mighty as to withstand.

Again—And what now? An *unfinished story*, drawn out to five and twenty pages of letter press—a score, at least, more than it would bear—it has reminded us of an elongated cipher almost from the beginning. It deserves to go the way of the salt that hath no savor. We will keep it, nevertheless, for there is a moral—not in it—but suggested by it. It reminds us of a childhood full of promise, active well principled—all alive, earnestly setting on in life's perilous journey—bidding fair to spread out into a widely useful maturity—but soon going to sleep on the soft banks of sloth—wasting its energies, producing nothing, dead while it yet liveth. Poor, poor ——, classmate, friend—it is a true emblem of thy career—we will keep it, if only for thy sake. And when one ray falls upon it, will thank heaven that thy course is, like itself, as yet *unfinished*, and, cherish the hope and breathe a prayer that the buried boy in thee may yet rise in strength and beauty from the emtombing vices of the man, and the evening of thy life, after the clouded noon reflect its morning glory.

Again,—*A sketch of the character of a deceased Instructer* whose untimely death has cost, not ourself alone, many warm tears. It belongs not in this company—and yet it is but a poor copy of the living tribute to his memory that is written upon the table of our heart. We will not use it to serve our present need—it is too holy to cast in to make up a column that will not be read, or at best be carelessly scanned—and, too sacred in our esteem to be used as instrumental to our sloth, which indeed it seems to rebuke—we feel it—as would the living voice of him whom it poorly commemorates—who was never idle, and who, though he died in early manhood, was followed by a harvest of works that would enrich the satisfying retrospect of a sage of fourscore and ten.

Again and again—*Reflections* upon the fate of the first bird whose sweet notes it was our ill-fortune to stop, suddenly and forever—a Redbreast—we were alone—&c, &c.—too pathetic altogether—and that which made us sit down on a stone by the road-side and weep aloud, would only make our Readers laugh.

General Lessons for Sunday Schools, Travelling Sketches, Suspended Diaries, Reminiscences of an A. B. &c. &c. &c. &c. They will not do—Better things, of the like sort and denomination, have been in the Register, time and again, and, without vanity, we may add, though we should not say it, *worse things*, may be with. But, nevertheless, they are not the thing—they are not the thing.

Some shall go back whence they came—and some to the fire, but none, to the surface of the Register, thereafter to be pasted upon the

inside of trunks or to envelope a pair of shoes or it may be groceries, for the public or for the private good.

But stay! O too fortunate sluggard! Our purpose is answered, and our trifles not yet exposed. We have indeed found refuge, more easily than we hoped, in our Drawer. And never, unless we are in straits again—from which, all good angels of news defend us—will we so much as dream of emptying its light contents upon the surface of this oblivious stream, to be floated before a thousand eyes—that see as though they saw not—on their rapid course down to the grand receptacle of all things lost upon the earth—the great ODD DRAWER OF THE UNIVERSE.

The New Testament of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. By William Tyndale, the Martyr. The original edition, 1526, being the first Vernacular Translation from the Greek. With a Memoir of his Life and Writings. To which are annexed, the essential variations of Coverdale's, Thomas Matthew's, Cranmer's, the Genevan and the Bishop's Bibles, as marginal readings. By J. P. Dabney. Andover; Gould and Newman, 1837.

Mr Dabney's long expected work, bearing the title above mentioned, has at length made its appearance in a neat and sightly form, and many students of the Scriptures will join with us in giving it a hearty welcome. We received it at too late an hour to allow opportunity for giving it so full a notice in this week's Register, as we might desire.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER FOR AUGUST.

Contents.—History of Sunday Schools, No. 5. Hannah More—'Thou God seest me'—Hymn for Teachers—Falsehood und Truth—Rambles in Palestine—Greatness and Goodness of God—Allen's Questions—The Mother's Bible—Notices.

COMMENCEMENT AT CAMBRIDGE.

The exercises were, for the most part, highly creditable to the graduating class, afforded gratification to a numerous and respectable audience, and reflected honor upon our beloved and venerable *Alma Mater*.

They were peformed in the following Order:—

Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

1. A Salutatory Oration in Latin. Charles Theodore Russell, Princeton.
2. A Conference. 'The Influence of Young's and Cowper's Poems.' Daniel Wight, Natick; William Pinckney Williams, Baltimore, Md.
3. An Essay. 'The Effect upon Literature of a Belief in Immortality.' John Foster Williams Lane, Boston.
4. A Conference. 'The Commercial Spirit of Modern Times, considered in its Influence on the Political, Moral, and Literary Character of a Nation.' Charles Wyatt Rice, Brookfield; David Henry Thoreau, Concord; Henry Vose, Dorchester.
5. A Literary Disquisition. 'Modern Imitation of the ancient Greek Tragedy.' Samuel Austin Kendall, Utica, N. Y.
6. A Dissertation. 'Severity of Manners in a Republic.' Clifford Belcher, Farmington, Md.
7. A Philosophical Disquisition. 'The Real or Supposed Decline of Science at the Present Day.' Samuel Treat, Portsmouth N. H.
8. A literary Discussion. 'English Novels in the Reigns of George II. and III.' William Augustus Davis, Boston; Nathaniel Holmes, Peterborough, N. H.
9. A Dissertation. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.' Richard Henry Dana, Boston.
10. A Philosophical Discussion. 'The Expediency of making Authorship a Profession.' Charles Hayward, Boston; Henry Williams, Boston.
11. An English Oration. 'Public Recreations.' Charles Henry Appleton Dall, Baltimore, Md.
12. A Forensic Disputation. 'Whether the Popularity of a Literary Work is to be received as an Evidence of its Real Merits. Manlius Stimson Clarke, Cambridge; John Bacon, Boston.
13. An English Oration. 'Empiricism.' Charles Stearns Wheeler, Lincoln.
14. A Deliberative Discussion. 'Whether Patriotism was inculcated to Excess in the Ancient Republics.' Samuel Tenney Hildreth, Gloucester; Horace Morison, Peterborough N. H.
15. An English Oration. 'The Literary Profession.' John Fenwick Eustis, Charleston, S. C.

Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts.

1. An English Oration. 'Moral Effort.' Mr Thomas Cushing, Jr. Boston.
2. A Valedictory Oration in Latin. Mr Samuel Morse Felton, Charlestown.

The degree of A. B. was conferred on forty-seven young gentlemen, members of the graduating class.

The degree of D.D. was conferred upon the Rev. Alvan Lamson of Dedham, Rev. Convers Francis of Watertown, and Rev. Samuel Gilman of Charleston, S. C.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.

The American Institute of Instruction commenced its annual meeting at Brinley Hall, in this town, on Thursday last—the Hon. William B. Calhoun, its President, in the Chair, and Thomas Cushing, Jr., Secretary.

We have heard from several of our friends who had opportunity of attending the meeting, that the majority of the Lectures were highly interesting and instructive.

Besides the Lectures, there were public discussions at such times as the attention of the Institute could be given to them.

On Saturday evening, there was a debate in the Institute on the question, 'which is the most valuable as means for educating the young, recitation or conversation?'

Monday evening was spent by the Institute in the transaction of business, among which was a passage of a resolution that the next annual meeting of the Institute be held in the city of Lowell.

Much benefit must necessarily, we think, accrue to the cause of Education from these annual meetings. And the Instructers of our youth are deserving of honor from every friend of morality and sound learning, for their noble zeal and unwearied efforts to elevate the character of their responsible profession, and to raise the standard of the qualifications of our public Teachers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Introduction to Historical Chronology, by D. H. Hegewisch, Professor at Kiel in Denmark. Translated from the German, by James Marsh. Burlington: Chauncey Goodrich. 1837.

This work was undertaken for the purpose of supplying a want, which is generally felt and acknowledged in this country. It will doubtless answer the purpose of its Translator, who has executed his task with ability.

We subjoin a portion of the Translator's Preface.

Chronology, as a distinct science, holding the same general relation to history which geography does, is indeed but little known in our elementary systems. I know of no text book, that has been in use for teaching what will be found in the manual here offered to the public. The larger works in our public libraries were designed for other purposes, and even the treatise of Strauchius, of which a translation exists, and is here and there met with, is obviously far less suited to the end in view. The prefatory remarks of the author, though they refer chiefly to a work unknown in this country, with which he compares his own views, yet show what he regards as the peculiar advantages of the present work. It is referred to by Heeren, as a very convenient manual for common use, and for the supply of our wants seems better suited, than any other. I have made no changes of any importance, and what few additions have been inserted will be found so designated, as to distinguish them from the original work.

The Student's Account Book. By Allen Lincoln, Boston: Whipple and Damrell, 1737.

The following is an extract from the Introduction.

The object of this book is to provide students with the means of keeping an account of their pecuniary concerns with ease and correctness, and to promote habits of accuracy and economy.

In the arrangement of this work, while special reference has been had to those who are required to make quarterly or yearly returns of their accounts to their benefactors, parents, or guardians, no pains have been spared to adapt it to the wants of every class of students. It is so arranged, as to include all the expenditures and receipts of the student during a period of ten years, and yet is equally convenient for any shorter time.

The author has kept his accounts on a similar plan for a number of years, and his own experience is, to himself at least, a sufficient proof of its utility. All who have examined have approved the work, and several gentlemen connected with literay institutions, and also others, whose opinion is highly to be respected, have expressed a desire, that it might be placed within the reach of every student.

INTELLIGENCE.

Private Library for sale.—The valuable Library of the late Rev. Dr Prince, of Salem, is now on sale at the bookstore of Messrs. Charles C. Little & Co. It is a valuable collection of about 2500 volumes, consisting, in great part, of English editions of works specially imported, by the late proprietor, for his own use.—It is particularly rich in works in Theology and Natural History, and especially the description of Birds and Insects. In the other departments of learning also it embraces many of the most valuable English publications, in good editions, nearly all bound in good order. It therefore presents to scholars a favorable opportunity to replenish their libraries on moderate and reasonable terms.

Lehigh Coal and Canal—The following statement shows the quantity of Coal brought to market by the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, from their mines at Mauch Chunk and Room Run, from the opening of the navigation, to the 1st of August, annually, during the years 1834, '35, '36 and '37:

In 1834 the amount was			53,337	tons	12 cwt
1835	"	"	61,527	"	04 "
1836	"	"	60,279	"	00 "
1837	"	"	98,972	"	09 "

Showing an increase this year of 37,445 tons over the same period in any preceding year.

From the opening of the canal this season, up to the 1st inst. the receipts for toll amounted to eighty five thousand dollars.

We know of no single instance better calculated to show the importance and rapid increase of the Pennsylvanian Coal Trade than the above facts. In addition to the tolls received for the transportation of Coal, the Company derive a handsome profit on the Coal itself, which is sold on the landings. From this time forward their income will be greatly increased by the tolls derived on Coal sent by the Lehigh Canal from the Beaver Meadow, Summit, Hazleton, Northampton and Luzerne, and Spring Mountain Coal Companies. The former of the companies have already shipped this season 15,000 tons of Coal.

During the past and present year, the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company have been actively employed in extending their Canal to White Haven, a distance of 26 miles. At the present time there are 1500 workmen engaged upon it, and it is expected that it will be nearly if not entirely completed this year.

In order to form a junction from White Haven with the North Branch of the Pennsylvania State Canal at Wilkesbarre, surveys of several routes have been made for a rail road, and a committee from this city are now engaged in examining them, in order to fix upon the most eligible route.

The early completion of this work will be of great importance to the trade of Philadelphia. By this route a large portion of the produce of the North Western part of Pennsylvania, and of the South Western tier of counties in New York, will find their nearest and cheapest route to market.—*Phil. paper.*

Maternal Affection.—A poor woman, on ascending the ladder of the ship Nestor on Saturday, for New Orleans, gave her child to a laborer on the wharf, who in handing it to the mother, let it fall into the dock!—The mother was standing on the rail, about fifteen feet from the water, whence she leaped and saved her child, amid the cheers of several hundred persons, and for this bold act of affection and humanity, the agent of the ship gave her a free passage and a dollar.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

Capturing a Henhawk.—Mrs Foote, of Barrington, a few days since, being engaged in her household duties, at or near the door, heard an uncommon cackling among the poultry, when looking into the yard she saw a henhawk of unusual size descend and pounce upon a hen of the largest kind. Mrs Foote, with the quickness of thought, approached the place, and before the monster could regain his native element with his unweildy load, seized him by the neck and triumphantly carried him to the woodhouse chamber, where he still remains a captive. His extended wings measured four feet six inches.—*Berkshire Courier.*

We have seen it often stated that by boring a tree, inserting a portion of quicksilver or sulphur in the hole, and plugging it up again, that it would exempt it from the caterpillar and other insects. While in Philadelphia lately, we were shown an elm tree, on which the experiment had been doubly tried,—that is, two holes had been bored in it. In the one, quicksilver had been placed, and in the other, flour of sulphur, and when we saw the tree a week ago, not a single living leaf was on it—its insidious foe had been as rife with his mischief as ever.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

Strange Phenomenon.—On Saturday, the 29th ult. Mr Richard Wade, Jr. was engaged in digging a well on his premises, about 4 miles south of Findlay; after having dug down some 18 feet, the appearance of water was evident. Mr Wade being anxious to obtain water, seized a crowbar, which was standing near, and made several strokes near the centre of the well, whereupon the water gushed forth in vivid torrents. Had not Mr Wade been extremely active in attempting to escape, he would have perished almost instantly.

At the time of the water gushing forth a continued roaring ensued, similar to a loud clap of thunder, which shook the earth violently for several hours. By an application of a fire-brand to the water, it took fire and burnt like alcoho'; the blaze struck five feet above the surface of the well, and at the same time burning the puncheons that lay on the top of the well. The water still continues to boil. The country for miles round, is nearly a dead level.—*Findlay (Ohio) Courier. Aug. 3.*

Charleston and Hamburg Railroad.—The Semi-annual report of the directors of that Rail Road, appeared in the Charleston Courier of last Tuesday. It appears, that the income of the last half year, ending June 30, amounted to $122,077; the current expenses to $74,700, leaving a balance of 47,377. From this balance a dividend has been declared of 3 dollars per share on 12,000 shares, $36,000; leaving a balance unappropriated of 11,377. There is a proposition pending, which will no doubt be taken into consideration at the meeting of the Stockholders of the Cincinnati Rail Road Company at Flat Rock, in October next. The proposition is for the Cincinnati Rail Road Co. to purchase the Charleston and Hamburg Rail Road.—*Constitutionalist.*

New Grenada.—We understand that General McAfee, our Charge d' Affaires at Bogota, arrived at Philadelphia on the 15th instant, via Kingston, Jamaica, having left the former city on the 20th of June. At that time the country was perfectly tranquil. General Santander ceased to administer the Government on the 1st of April, and following the example of Washington, had retired to private life, amid the plaudits of all the friends of republican institutions.

Senor Jose Ignacio Marquez, his successor, the former Vice President, was elected on the 4th of March last, (as we have heretofore announced,) the electors having failed to make an election. General Obando and Doctor Azuero were his most formidable opponents. These gentlemen are both distinguished patriots.—*Globe.*

Lower Canada.—The following from the Montreal Herald, shows what is likely to be the issue of the present session of the Provincial Parliament.

Quebec, Tuesday, 6, P. M.—The House met this afternoon at half past four. Mr Morin reported a long address in answer to his Excellency's speech. It persists in all their former demands, protests strongly against Lord John Russell's resolutions, and declares that they will grant no supplies until all their demands are complied with. The consideration of it was postponed until tomorrow, as it had not been translated into English. It is *believed* that Lord Gosford will prorogue them tomorrow. The house adjourned at half past five.

From Europe—We copy the following summary from the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Liverpool dates to the 21st and London to the 19th have been received at New York by the ship Emerald, from Cork, whence she sailed on the 24th July. They contain information of considerable interest. Parliament was prorogued on the 17th, by the Queen in person. The proceedings of Parliament previous to the prorogation were not important, with the exception of the mere formal business. The following took place in the House of Commons, July 17th.

Colonel Thompson, according to notice of Saturday, asked if her Majesty's ministers viewed as authentic the proclamation of the King of Hanover, declaring that he considered the constitution agreed to by his predecessors, George IV. and William IV., as binding on him neither in form nor in substance, and intimating his intention of reverting to the old constitution without consulting the States General?

Mr Poulett Thompson said he could not give any answer to the Hon. member. It was, as it appeared to him, rather a question for the states of Hanover to answer.

Col. Thompson then begged to give notice that he would move at an early period of the next session, if he should be a member, for leave to bring in a bill to declare that, in the existing circumstances of the Crown, no foreign prince or potentate ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, authority, or succession within this realm, or any of the Queen's dominions; and to vest the succession, in the event of the demise of her Majesty in Prince George of Cambridge and his heirs (Hear, hear.)

The Attorney General begged to give notice that, if he should have the honor of being a member of the next Parliament, he should move for leave to bring in a bill for the abolition for imprisonment for debt, unless as he fondly hopeo, such a measure should auspiciously commence in the other House of Parliament.

It is said not to be intended to create new Peers before the meeting of the new Parliament, with one exception—Mr Cooke of Norfolk. The election of Scotch Peers was appointed for the 25th of August.

The King of Hanover, in the proclamation above alluded to, and of which there appears to be no reason to question the genuineness, says that 'in many points the constitution does not correspond with our wishes, which are solely directed to the promotion of the good of our faithful subjects,' and in another passage he speaks of the constitution as *neither in form nor substance binding on him.* He announces his intention to consider the question maturely, whether and how far a modification of the constitution should bring it back to what it was before the promulgation of the present constitution, after which he will convoke the general assembly of the States, and impart to them his 'royal resolution.' This declaration, as might be expected, has produced a strong sensation in Germany, and on the continent generally.

Spain.—In Spain Don Carlos has made an important movement. He had advanced rapidly into Catalonia and marched upon Valencia, and had reached the very gates of that city on the 9th of July. Gen. Espartero had been appointed commander in chief of the Queen's troops in Catalonia, Aragon, Valencia, and Castile.—Accounts had been received from Barcelona to the 11th. A division of the Queen's troops under Gen. Buerens had revolted, after killing a Colonel, and several officers, and forcing Gen. Buerens to look for safety by flight. This mutiny was provoked by the dastardly conduct of an officer, who run a soldier through the body, because he could not keep up with his comrades. The officer was immediately shot by the comrades of the murdered soldier. A London paper gives the following particulars.

The head-quarters of Don Carlos on the 9th of July, were at Almonara, four leagues from Valencia, and on the 10th, his advanced posts were within two and a half leagues. A portion of the suburbs had been carried by the beseigers. Oraa, with 9000 men, was advancing to the relief of Valencia. The English frigate Barham had landed 270 artillery men, who were placed at the disposal of the commandant of Valencia. Espartero was advancing on Valencia to resume the command. A general engagement under the walls of that place was expected.

France.—It was reported at Paris on the 16th that orders had been sent to the south east coast of France for fitting out every disposable ship of war there, to sail for Valencia, to receive on board the refugees, who may be obliged by the stress of war to seek shelter out of Spain from the approaches of Don Carlos. The French Chambers had adjourned. There was a falling off in the French revenue of 1,177,000 francs, in the first six months of the year, compared with the produce of the same period last year—a deficiency quite insignificant.

Naples.—Mount Vesuvius afforded an eruption of flame on the 24th of June. It had no effect, as seems to have been anticipated, in purifying the atmosphere from the contagion of cholera. This disease carried off 400 persons daily at Naples, and the deaths since April were estimated at 10,000 The disease was extremely malignant, carrying off the patient in 24 hours. All places of amusement, and the custom house offices were closed.

Three days later from England.—The packet ships Sheridan, Columbus, Mediator, and George Washington, arrived at New York from England, on Monday, bringing London papers to the 24th, and Liverpool to the 25th July.

The Liverpool Times says that a superb steamer, of 400 horse power, was launched at Bristol on the 19th, intended to run between Liverpool and New York.

The Queen's First Levee.—Much confusion arose on Wednesday, in consequence of the number of persons attending the first levee which her Majesty has held.—The scene, as described by those who witnessed it, exceeded any thing that perhaps ever took place in a British palace. It is believed there were upward of 2000 persons, and the rush and crowded state of the avenues and corridors equalled what is sometimes witnessed at the entrance of a minor theatre on the benefit of a popular artist.

Diamond buckles were broken and lost; valuable orders and badges were torn from the wearers; and we are told that more than one distinguished officer was deprived of his epaulets without committing any breach of discipline, or the ceremony of a court martial; another, still more unfortunate, is stated to have been deprived of his sword without undergoing a similar ordeal, or the disgrace of surrendering it to an enemy.—Regulations will be adopted to prevent a recurrence of such irregularities in future.—*Globe.*

The Magnetic Telegraph.—The New Wurtzburg Gazette gives the following of the 30th June, from Munich:—'Yesterday some astonishment was excited among us by seeing on the roofs of the loftiest houses in town, several men employed in passing iron wires, which extended from the towers of the church of the Notre Dame, above the Isar, as far as the Chateau d'Eau of Mount Gasteigberg, from thence to the observatory of Bogenhausen, and back to the tower of Notre Dame. These wires are intended to exemplify a project of Professor Steinheil, for the conveyance of intelligence by means of electric magnetism. It is stated that in two seconds communication might possibly be conveyed from Lisbon to St. Petersburg, by means of a telegraph of this description.'

London, July 24.—The Paris papers of Friday and Saturday reached us last night by our ordinary express. They contain the following telegraphic despatch, with some private and public accounts from Spain, which throw the affairs of that country, and the proceedings of Don Carlos, into more mystification than ever;

'Bordeaux, July 19, 7. P. M.—The Pretender appears to be directing his steps towards the kingdom of Murcia. He left Torres on the 11th, taking the road to Lerida, leaving Valencia on his left. Oraa was on the same day at Sercia. Buerens had arrived at Teruel, and immediately marched on to join Oraa at Moya. Espartero writes, on the 12th, that he was marching from the side of Dera and Cetina, to join Buerens The bands of Llangostera and other leaders, who were in the environs at Saragossa, have retired towards Belchite. The road is free, and the mails from Madrid which were due have arrived. The accounts from this capital come up to the 15th, in the evening. All was quiet. The Minister of the Interior had been replaced by M. Acuna, member of the Cortes.'

London, July 22.—The Paris Journals of Thursday have reached us, with letters from the Spanish frontier—and one from our Frankfort correspondent of the 16th.

The French police having arrested a Count Walsh at Strasburg, either going to or coming from the Carlist legitimist court in Styria, papers were found indicative of new plots and designs.

The police accordingly followed up the research at Paris, at the abodes of M. de Gerronde and M. Berryer M. de Gerronde is a priest, and a writer in the *Quotidienne.* M. Berryer is well known as the orator of the Legitimists in the Chamber.

Cholera in Sicily.—Accounts from Palermo to June 29, state that the Cholera was raging badly, and all communication with the interior was cut off. It was also among the shipping. On the 7th, two persons, boatmen, died, but no other case was known until the 15th when a considerable number occurred. From the 15th to the 28th, there had been 221 cases and 141 deaths.

Action of Zinc on Copper.—The Fair Rosamond was paid off on Wednesday, when the crew subscribed £1 16s for the Dreadnought hospital-ship. This ship, when she was sent to the coast of Africa, had put upon her, at the suggestion of Dr Bumpus, some protecting bars of zinc, for the purpose of preventing the corrosion and loss of weight of the copper; the galvanic influence has been such, that about her stern and rudder, and the two or three upper streaks of her whole length, where the friction of the water may be presumed to be the greatest, the copper has rotted off, and barnacles of considerable size were found adhering to the wood; the copper was otherwise tolerably clean, but we have no doubt has lost in weight: the experiment, consequently, is a failure. [Liverpool paper.]

Beware of Sugar Plums!—Starch of an inferior quality is used in the manufacture of hard confectionary, such as lozenges, sugar-plums, and similar articles. Those which are sold about the streets (says a writer in the Magazine of Popular Science) and made 'for the use of schools,' are generally composed of the offal of starch works, mixed with plaster of Paris, pipe clay or chalk, and as little sugar as is able to give them a palateable sweetness; but what is worse is, that they are often colored with red lead, verdigris, gamboge, and other mineral poisons. A species of refined liquorice, manufactured for the same market, is a compound of common Spanish juice, lamp-black, and starch.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr John Champney, Jr. to Miss Maria S. daughter of Charles Wells, Esq. Mr Joseph Fisk, of Medway, to Miss Mary Allen, of Holliston.

In Roxbury, by Rev. Mr Putnam, Mr John Collins, to Miss Lucy Ann, daughter of the late Luke Baldwin, Esq.

In Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr Muzzey, Mr Wm. W Alcott, to Miss Deborah B. daughter of Isaiah Bangs Esq.

In Salem, Mr John F. Andrew to Miss Louisa M. daughter of the late Thorndike Deland, Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr Nathaniel Knoweles 39.

In this city, Mrs Sarah, widow of Mr Isaac Adams, 95.

In this city, Mrs Sarah M. wife of Dr Theodore Dexter, 50.

In this city, Mrs Sarah H. Ellis, 43.

In Roxbury, Abbot Lawrence, son of Mr Abel Kendall, Jr. of this city, 15 months.

In Charlestown, Mrs Elizabeth L. wife of Mr Saml. P. Thompson, and daughter of the late John Johnson, Esq. 22.—On Saturday morning, Hon. Timothy Walker, 73.

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MISS LESLIE'S COOKERY.—Directions for Cookery being a system of the art in its various branches, by Miss Leslie. Just published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. au 26.

FEMALE PREACHING.—Female Preaching unlawful and inexpedient: A Sermon by Parsons Cooke, Pastor of the First Church in Lynn. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134, Washington street. au 26.

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POETRY.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

'Ah! welaway! most angelike of face,
A childe, young in his pure innocence,
Tender of limbes, God wote, full guiltless,
The goodly faire that lieth here speechless.
A mouth he has, but words hath he none;
Cannot complain, alas! for none outrage,
Nor grutcheth not, but lies here all alone,
Still as a lambe, most meke of his visage:
What hearte of steele could do him damage,
Or suffer him die beholding the manere,
And looke benigne of his tweine even clere?'
LYDGATE.

Young mother—he is gone!
His dimpled cheek no more shall touch thy breast;
No more the music tone
Float from his lips, to thine all fondly prest;
His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee—
Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour;
And he hath passed in beauty from the day,
A bud, not yet a flower—
Torn, in its sweetness, from the parent spray;
The death-wing swept him to his soft repose
As frost in spring-time blights the early rose.

Never, on earth, again
Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear,
Like some Æolian strain,
Breathing at even-tide, serene and clear;
His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes,
The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart,
Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,
A gladness must depart,
And those kind eyes with many tears be dim—
While lonely memories, an unceasing train,
Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.

Yet mourner! While the day
Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,
And Hope forbids one ray
To stream athwart the grief-discolored sky;
There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom,
A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.

'Tis from the Better Land!
There, bathed in radiance that around them springs,
Thy Loved One's wings expand;
As with the quiring cherubim, he sings;
And all the glory of that God can see,
Who said, on earth, to children—'Come to me.'

Mother,—thy child is blest;
And though his presence may be lost to thee,
And vacant leave thy breast,
And missed, a sweet load from thy parent knee;
Though tones familiar from thine ear have passed,
Thou'lt meet thy First Born with his Lord, at last.
W. G. C.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY A JOURNEYMAN MECHANIC.

Now, wife and children, let's be gay,
My work is done, and here's the pay:
'Twas hard to earn, but never mind it,
Hope reared the sheaf, and peace shall bind it!

Six days I've toiled; and now we meet
To share the welcome weekly treat
Of toast and tea, of rest and joy,
Which, gain'd by labor, cannot cloy.

Come ye, who form my dear fire-side,
My care, my comfort and my pride:—
Come, now, and let us close the night
In harmless sports and fond delight.

To-morrow's dawn brings blessed peace,
And each domestic joy's increase,
To him who honestly maintains
That course of life which Heav'n ordains!

Of rich and poor, the difference what?—
In working or in working not:
Why then, on Sunday we're as great
As those who own some vast estate;

For on to-morrow's happy day
We shall work less, perhaps, than they;
And, though no dainties it afford,
What's sweet and clean will grace our board.

This known, for every blessing given,
Thankful we'll bow our knees to Heav'n;
In God's own house our voices raise,
With grateful notes of pray'r and praise!

Such duties will not interfere,
Nor cloud my brow with thought severe:
But still leave time enough to spend,
To take a walk or see a friend.

Sweet the serenity of heart
That public worship does impart!
And sweet the field, or sweet the road,
To him whose conscience is no load!

Thus shall the day, as God designed,
Improve my health, unbend my mind;
And Monday morning, free from pain,
Cheerful I'll go to work again.

Our life is but a lengthen'd week,
Through which, with toil, for rest we seek;
And he whose labor well is past,
A joyful Sabbath finds at last!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POETRY OF EARLY RISING.

By the author of Glances at Life.

If there is one time more than another in which our dear mother, Nature, seems most happy in herself, and looks more proudly and admiringly on her own works and the creatures and creations of her hand, it is in the early months of summer; and if there is one time more than another in which her beauty is more beautiful, her eternal youth more youthful-looking, her delight more infectious, stirring up our sluggish spirits from their trance, it is in her summer mornings, splendid with 'excessive light,' glittering with her dewy jewellery, balmy with her warm and fragrant breath, and continually new and fresh with the

'Hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers.'

When the hedges which were green at your retiring to bed, look at them when you rise again, and they are white (as if covered with snow) with the fragrant thorn-blossoms—as if Nature, in the secrecy of the night, had showered a rain of silver spangles among their green leaves, to surprise the waking Hours of the morning with beauty, and take the unwilling soul of Man from the sensual sty of Sloth, and lay it in the happy Elysium of her green lap, to slumber there, if it must sleep on and will not be awakened, with those innocent, sweet bed-fellows of the tawny gipsy girls,

'The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose;'

—when the breath of health may be drank like a precious elixir made for medicining the sickness of the heart, and cleansing it of

'The lees and settlings of the melancholy flood;'

—and when the rosy Health herself, robed in green, and looking like a summer-browned companion of the buxom wood-nymphs,—

'The wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant spring,'

or like one of Diana's own chosen troop of hunters, each as beautiful as their most heavenly mistress—when the hunter's horn, and the horn of the bee, and the anthem of the lark, 'singing at Heaven's gate,' call us away from the 'smoke and stir of this dim spot' to the dewy and shining fields of Day, in the full freshness and glory of his youth;—when these pleasures invite us, oh who, save the sensual and the insensible, would toss upon the bed of indolence? —Surely it is healthier and wiser

'To wake and steal swift hours from drowsy sleep?'

No doubt it is; but the multitudinous Many are too deeply drowsed with the syren songs and cloying syrups of Luxury to hear the mother's voice of Nature admonishing us, and the counsels of her high priests, teaching us to awake and amend our lives at their solicitation. We are deaf as the adder that hears but listens not to the 'voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely:' our cry is still, like the sluggard's,

'A little more sleep and a little more slumber;'

and though the earth embracing air is flowing along like a river of life, ready, if we would but leave our beds, to receive and freshly bathe and renew our wasted bodies, unwholesome with the exhalations of sleep, and, like a bath, lave them till they revive and redly glow with health and vigor, we prefer wallowing with sloth as an easier attitude than standing erect and strong on 'morn-elastic' limbs, like so many mortal Mercuries, 'new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.' Fashioned by the Eternal Hand to look and be but 'a little lower than the angels'—taught to rise to them with our souls—we love rather to crawl upon the ground, degraded Nebuchadnezzars, kings by birth and endowments, slaves lower than the lowest in desires and in the condition to which we have debased ourselves. Heirs of heaven, we have sold our birth-right for 'a mess of pottage;'—it is eaten, and now, like the prodigal, we must hereafter herd with swine, and feed on the husks of life, instead of 'sorting' with immortal spirits and eating of their manna-bread, their locusts, and wild honey.

'Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?'

cried the poet of the Seasons: none, however, heard him, or, if they did, heeced him not, and turned on the other side; and, seeing how disregarded was his call, he turned once more in his own bed, and took another nap. If, when a good-natured friend reminded him of his early enthusiasm for early rising, the poet brusquely asked, 'What have I to do, young man?' he spoke thus in his despair: he felt that his voice had been like 'one crying in the wilderness,' and that he had called unto stocks, and preached unto stones. We are not wiser now, nor more inclined to hear: we still have our own way, and will have it; and instead of rising when

—'fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the heaven laugheth of the sight,'

we lie upon the ground, and cling to it, as though rooted in it; and if we stretch out our arms, it is not as the vine stretches out its tendrils, that it may secure itself still the more firmly where it stands, we stretch out ours only to grasp at sordid things—the gold and the gauds which are our bane and detriment.

'No more—no more!—angels have preach'd in vain!'

It were vain, indeed, to admonish those whom Nature cannot teach, nor Wisdom, when she crieth daily in the streets to ears too 'gross and unpurged' to hear her cry, and obey her call to come up from the low cells and dungeons of Care—to walk with her on the high-places of Nature—to breathe with her 'the incense-breathing Morn,' and behold the Sun set forth 'like a bridegroom in his strength,' with

'All his travelling glories round him.'

But nature, though forsaken of her human children, still loves them, and yearns for them as a mother for her offspring; and how gladly would she take them back again unto her arms! They

'Have given their hearts away; a sordid boon.'

But we have loitered so long at the door, waiting for those who will not waken, that we shall lose the beauties we would have had them to see for themselves, and not hear of, as of some old romancer's story.

It is the dawning hour of day. The air is calm as an infant's breathing: the sky is clear, and grayly tinged with the returning light.

'The early star shoots down and day is breaking
Orient as eyes of roses at their waking.
A gentle stir is heard among the bowers,
A rustling of the waking leaves and flowers.'

The animal and insect world is now astir: the creatures that delight in darkness and in night have retired, in their turn, to rest: the more cheerful creatures of the day—(for so we are taught to consider them, yet, for anything we know to the contrary, the bat may be a merrier fellow than the swallow, and the owl as lively as the lark, though he affects an imperturbable air of gravity)—those who delight in sun and shower—are already risen to enjoy their old pleasures, their new loves and bird-like friendships, and fresh haunting-places. Some of these happy creatures are already providing for the wants of the day only, thinking nothing of the morrow: others, who are not summer-livers only, but mean to winter here, are hoarding for their winter necessities; and all are pursuing that work of their lives which Nature appointed them to do, and are doing it cheerfully and industriously.

'The bee has left his honied home, and humming
Drowsily a few short matches of his song
Winds in and out—now drops the flowers among,
Finds where his business lies—a moment sings—
Then, nestling to his work, shuts to his golden wings!'

Man only sleeps and is slothful, and, when he wakes, repines at the task assigned him, and murmurs much, and sings not a single note of praise or pleasure. But behold the dawning!

'As some broad river's tide (whose ebbing left,
Where silvery waters eloquently ran,
Banks black with ooze, and shoals of filthy slime)
Comes gently flooding back its daily course,
So gradually the light breaks flowing in
From east to west, till all the sky is fill'd
With blaze and beauty, like a theatre,
Some vast arena of old Greece or Rome,
Where a great, many-million'd people throng'd.'

Twilight—of which the happy poet Herrick says—

'Twilight, no other thing is, poets say,
Than the last part of night, and first of day'—

twilight, and all its shadows and solemn glooms, is gone, and now it is perfect day. But, before that cheerful advent of the light,

'What various scenes, and, oh! what scenes of woe,
Were witness'd by that red and struggling beam!
The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beheld it stream;
The ruin'd maiden trembled at its gleam;
The debtor waked to thoughts of gyve and jail;
The love-lorn wretch from love's tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trimm'd her sick infant's couch, and sooth'd his feeble wail.'

But 'the universal blessing,' light, has laid, as with the rod of Moses, the serpent thoughts of darkness, fear, superstition, and despair; and holier thoughts and aspirations, and the voices of birds, if not of men, are heard filling the aisles, and thrilling the high dome of Nature's temple with their matinal hymn of praise.

And now a sudden stop and deepened silence is heard. The voice of hymning is audible no more, as though the great gush of gratulation had exhausted the little powers of the exultant worshippers of God, and his handmaid Nature, and her works and wonders; and all is again calm, as if sleep had not quite released the feathered tribes from her sweet influence. Not only things animate, but things inanimate, seem to have fallen into this momentary repose—this hush as of deep awe, and as if all things in 'expressive silence' mused His praise who moulded and fashioned, gifted and endowed all things.

But though the 'full choir that waked the universal grove' has ceased, and the sudden activity of life is sunk again to repose, there is much to see and admire and wonder at, and much to imagine and behold. Let the 'lyric lark' rest awhile his weary wings, 'with roarie May dews' wet, and let him fluttering dry them in his clovered couch, where the golden sunlight loves to glitter on his breast, and warm his thankful heart with the genial heart he loves. We have heard him sing

'Till all the heavens were round him ringing;'

—let the cuckoo rest till the shepherd-boy is among the hills, to start and stare at his sudden cry which now shouts in his ear as if from the bridge he is stealing along, and in a moment seems fields away: let him 'imitate his lay,' and forget his flock, to wander after 'the wandering voice;' and let the early schoolboy, who loves the fields, wonder to hear his 'cry,' and look for him 'in bush, and tree, and sky,' and be led by the ear and misled by his wishes from hedge to hedge, from field to wood,

'A weary chace, and idle hour;'

leave him to his unrest and the birds to their rest, and let us enjoy this hour of happy silence —silence which thinks—silence which speaks—speaks the quiet satisfaction of Nature as she beholds the children of her bosom growing momently and perceptibly to her eyes, if not to ours: let her behold, and smile as she beholds, the growing maturity which will make the hopes of her spring the certainties of her autumn. And if we cannot help her with our hands, let us bid her 'God speed,' and cry

'Be gracious, Heaven! for now laboirous Nature
Has done her part. Ye softening breezes blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend;
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year!'

Look now around the heavens! The sun,

'Like a monarch returning, both blessing and blest,'

is now far on his glorious journey. And now turn your eyes, blind with 'excess of light,' and behold again the refreshing green of the pastoral earth.

'Straight your eye hath caught new pleasures,
As the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray:
* * * * *
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.'

The grass tapers up like myriads of spears raised in some fairy armament: here and there the daisies show their silver-crowned heads, as though they were tributary kings of the lesser heptarchies and smaller tribes of

'Elves and fays and fairies slim:'

kingcups are lifted up at every step you take, like golden bowls filled to the brim with dew; primroses, cowslips, and violets crowd about the hills and cluster under the hawthorn-sweeteded hedges; and, 'retired as noontide dew,' the lovely lily of the valley droops her delicate head, and looks as pale as passion in young human faces. Turn now to those 'mighty senators of the wood,' those venerable oaks, overtopping all their verdant neighbors. Behold the graceful laburnum, dropping its yellow clusters about the face of morning like golden tinglets falling from the fair forehead of Beauty! The whole vernal world is now, indeed, in its youth, and pride, and glory!

'No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar: paler some,
And of a wannish grey; the willow such—
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf;
And ash, far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm, and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved and shining in the sun;
The maple, and the beech, of oily nuts
Prolific; and the lime, at dewy eve,
Diffusing odors nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honors drest.'
COWPER.

The gardens, too, are full of the freshness and beauty of morning. There the rose breathes her delicate fragrance; that dies not with her summer of life, but clings still to her leaves, though scattered and wafted wherever the winds list. There

'The lilac—(various in array, now white,
Now sanguine . . . . . as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all,')—

loads the air with fragrance. And there,

'Copious of flowers, the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odours,'

clings like weakness to the wall. The jessamine throws 'wide her elegant sweets.' Sweet peas flutter like various-winged butterflies ready for flight. Blue-bells seem to swing silently in the air—to our ears, but, perhaps, to beings better endowed, with finer perceptions, and organs more delicately tuned, are ringing an aerial peal. The foxgloves—with whom the bees love to wrestle—bloom, and invite them to the amorous war. Pinks throw far and wide their clove-scented breath; and every flower of the field and the 'trim garden' has arrayed itself in all its glories, to welcome and do honor to the Morn!

And now the voice of Song is heard warbling again; the lark is antheming the sun: the thrush is

'Singing of summer, in full throated ease;'

the blackbird whistles in the copse, and pauses often to hear a brother whistler in the distance, answering him: the cuckoo blows his fluty notes again, and again the schoolboy

'Starts, his curious voice to hear,
And imitates his lay:'

rooks, clamoring in their play, with their harsh discords make sweet harmony: and all is beauty, health, and joy.

The early morning is a time for thoughts of love and hope: it comes like a return of youth to age, and of re-awakened life to all. To enjoy the first fresh hours of a spring or a summer day is like having watched the youth of some remarkable man.

To town-born men, unused to 'the sweet rural life,' how delicious—almost delirious—a pleasure is early rising, and early walking abroad in the country, in the mornings of June, and its sweet sister summer months!—that is, if ever they had, or have, any love for the beauties of this beautiful world—and longing to enjoy them. How the eyes of the town-prisoned man dwell on them, and grow the more enamoured of their lovelinessa the more they gaze on them! How his dulled spirits dance!—his heart, contracted with the constricting cares of life, expands, and takes in all! How his chilled affections warm! How youth, and its first, fresh, free feelings are remembered!—the middle years of life, and its growing wants and providences for to-morrow, contemplated with calm, contented cheerfulness!—his coming age looked forward to with hope of a green and autumn-like decline—there, where he stands admiring, wondering at the natural beauties of this earth, or in some spot as beautiful—as English—as home-loved—as patriot-thought inspiring, complacent, and serene!

Men in health, with unexhausted hopes, feel thus. But ah! to the sick man, new risen from what he feared would be the bed of death,—or to him whose fate is sealed—whom hope will no longer flatter with fair promises of life,—how does the exceeding loveliness of early day touch him to the heart! His eyes trickle with tears—not sorrowful, not selfish,—tears sanctified with love—love for the few most dear to him, whom he must leave, and love for all, as brethren. If there is one tear of selfish sorrow mingling in his melancholy pleasure in the vernal pleasures speaking, singing, and shining around him, it is that he has wasted the healthy years of life in idle or poor, empty entertainments, which, now that they are remembered, will not bear measuring for one moment with the pleasures which surround him—waken him too late—speak to him when it is sorrowful to hear them—and make the few, brief, hurrying hours of his decline 'full of troubles.' Oh what beauty does he behold in all things!

'Straight *his* eye has caught new pleasures
As the landscape round it measures!'

What music and what happiness does he hear in the song of the birds,

'Bidding the morn good-morrow!'

The winds sing Æolian harmonies in his ear. The lowing of the distant kine touches him as if an organ breathed deep diapasons through some trembling abbey. Even the inharmonious clamouring of rooks and daws is music unto him; their migratory flights far forward—their playful circlings round about their old home-trees, are graceful in his eyes. The mavis sings not idly—sings not to himself, for his own pleasure: his heart—that knows what joy is by its own sorrow—hears his song echoed through all its many dreary chambers, and answers to his joy with a delicious sadness, almost as sweet as joy. The bold blackbird espies him,

'Brushing with *trembling* steps the dews away,'

and ceases not to sing, he looks so gentle. The lark hovers over his head—bowed down with broken health and heavy spirits—like the dove that fluttered above the heads of those baptized ones who stood weeping in the sacred waters of Jordan—and lures his wetting eyes, and solomnized thought, and prayerful aspirations up to Heaven—'the world shut out,' forgotten, and forgiven.

We think nothing of a day whether spent idly or usefully; and yet of what importance may not that day have been to the world!—little perhaps to ourselves, but great in the history of the interests of man. It may have changed the fate of nations—have broken the chains of bondage of a noble but enslaved people—and have thrown down the altars of an unknown god, and laid the foundation of temples to be built to the true God. It may have changed the dynasties of centuries, and raised the throne of a new dynasty which shall reign for as many more. It may have given to the waiting world another Shakspeare—a Homer—a Milton; or it may have snatched away from a delighted people a Scott—a Goethe—a Byron. The fame of such noble men with noble memories is the work of many single days' making, but a few short years; and yet the labor of their brief lives will live through ages, and be, perhaps, as lasting as the world they adorned. The mighty 'Iliad' was the labor of many single days, no doubt; but that labor has out-lived many centuries, and may outlive far more—live till Time himself is dying, and fame is silencing. We wonder at the hundred volumes forming the collected writings of a Voltaire or a Scott; but these were but the labors of men who made good use of their days. 'No days without a line' was a poor wish and a lazy task for the poet who desired it; a line a day would make but a small show at the year's end; and yet a few years so employed might give the idle dog, who wished only as much, a great name and an immortality. All the claims which Gray the poet has upon Fame are fifty pages, of twenty-eight lines each,—noble lines, it is true, but they do not seem much, nor the labor of many days; yet who would not jump to have his reputation as a poet? Goldsmith's exquisite genius for poetry—if the mine had been more worked—lies in almost as small a compass; Collins's is less, and who would not wish to be either Collins or Goldsmith, and take the melancholy insanity of the one, or the 'in wit a man—simplicity a child' of the other, into the bargain? When, even by a line a day, such reputations as these may possibly be made in so short a time as three or four years, days are evidently valuable, and should not be idly wasted.

There was a day when not a brick or stone of this gigantic city of ours was seen standing in what must then have been the solitary wilderness: ere the following day had been scored down in the long account of Time, a little hut, huddled together with mud, and reeds, and piled-up stones—the foundation-house, the nut and nucleus of this greatest city of the world—stood on the northern shore of the unfrequented Thames, upon whose waters then, perhaps, no other voyagers were seen floating but the beautiful wild swan and her dusky cygnets: these having passed along, the silence and solitude of the green shores and the wild waters were unbroken for many, many days. The sun—'the beneficial sun'—passed over the dreary scene; and not an eye turned to look upon him, and hail and bless him, and smile because he smiled. The storm swept over the waves and rushed into the forest lining its shores, and not a creature breathing human breath shrunk from its severities. The wild gull laughed and leaped to meet the storm, and soared and sank, and circled round the melancholy scene; and not even an echo answered to its scream. The wolf visited its waters, and having drank his fill, retreated back into the sombre depths of the wilderness, and once more hunted for his prey. Night came, and no reverential eye was lifted up to heaven from that silent shore unknown to man, or, if known, untrodden by his foot. No voice of prayer or praise went up to the Eternal Throne, at the solemn coming on of the darkness of night, or at the glorious diffusion of the golden splendors of returning day. The silence there—the human silence—had never spoken or sung a syllable to God. The wild boar, and the bear, and the wolf cried to each other in savage communion, answering threat with threat. The human hum had not been heard there—the human joy—the human sigh—the human groan. The human tear had never fallen there—the human heart had not shuddered and shrunk away from the hard, unfeeling touch of human hands: it had not sunk slowly under a sorrow without tears; it had not shut up its griefs, or shed them inwardly in the inconsolable breast where they were born. Oppressed and overladen, it had not broken in sullen silence, and 'died and made no sign.' The only hum heard there was that of the wild bee: the only tear that of the Summer rain; the only moan that of the melancholy wind, wailing through the woods in autumn; the only sullenness that of surly Winter. Hard-hearted Wealth and harder-hearted Poverty had not feared and hated each other. Insolent Pride had not trodden Humility down. Human love, pity, hope, fear, despair, famine, sickness, sorrow, and pain had never visited that sylvan shore, and knew it not. It was a savage, solitary corner of this wide Eden the earth, with no weak Adam and frail Eve dwelling therein, to make its once-loved garden unlovely in the eyes of Heaven. Sin and the serpent guile had not defiled, deflowered, and deformed it. Death had not dug a grave in its undisturbed dust to cover and conceal the murdered victims of his destructive hand. The beautiful land was innocent—unstained—unblemished—and unashamed. Angels—if ever they visited this earth—alighted there, and found their heavenly natures unaffronted by any signs of sin. The Seasons paused in their fast flight about the world, and warmed the sterile, Sarah-womb of the uncultivated ground, and it was fruitful. The wild birds warbled there, and met not man, their deadliest enemy. The broadly-branching oak knew no leveller but the storm. The forest and grass flowers increased and multiplied, unforbidden and untrodden by the hand and foot of man. The wild bees harvested their honey, and lived unrobbed of the reward of their hard toils. The fishes bred in the unvisited waters, and knew no death but Nature's. Nature—the tender mother of all—fish, wild beast, insect, reptile, tree, and flower—looked lovingly on the lonely spot, and kept and guarded it awhile from desecrating Man. He discovered it, and all its virgin charms were violated.

But if human errors and passions, and the sorrows their consequences, had not stained and desecrated a spot of earth still sacred to unashamed Nature—still unviolated and unpolluted by man, her only unfilial offspring—neither had human virtues made it acceptable to Heaven; (for notwithstanding all that there is of bad, and the great amount of it, there is still a greater amount of good among mankind). The dear domestic virtues and 'the mild charities of life' had not inhabited there, and drawn the angels down to watch over and mingle unawares among men; to 'bless their doors from nightly harm,' to walk with them unseen, but not unfelt; to talk with them in whispers, and whispers not unheard. Abundant bosomed Charity, with her ever-giving heart and hand, had not repaired there. Love—sexual, paternal, and maternal, filial, sisterly, and brotherly love—all springing from one sacred affection—had not harbored there. Friendship, truth, honor, philanthropy, patriotism, justice, religion, and piety had not made it holy and dear to the hearts of men. The mighty Heart of a mighty Nation did not then beat there as the great centre of life of all its gigantic limbs. The Holy Name had never been uttered there with trembling solemnity. There no reverent knees had bent in humble worship; there no stricken heart had poured its penitential sorrows. The winds only wailed upon the naked hill, where now,

'Through long-drawn isles and fretted vaults,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.'

And yet the lifeless waste had a voice and a worship even in its silence and desolation. The ebbing and flowing waters praised Him who poured them from the hollow of his hand. The valley, where they 'glided at their own sweet will,' laughed when he smiled down upon it, and it was praise. The forest that 'shagged its shores with horrid shades,' untended and unpruned by any hand but His, sounded, with sea-like roar, deeply solemn symphonies in His praise. The reverend oaks bowed before Him who could have uprooted them with the least motion of His hand. The green leaves prattled like infant tongues in His praise. The lofty pines stooped their black heads in humble worship of Him. The lowly grasses and grovelling herbage of the ground bent as His warming breath swept over them, and, rustling, sighed His praise. The cheerful light and melancholy shadows—the unsinning darkness and the unblushing day, praised Him. The wild birds sang of Him who fed them, and would not unpermitted let them fall. The unadmired, beautiful flowers breathed back the incense lent from heaven. All things that lived there every hour acknowledged, in their lives and deaths, that all existence is the breath of God, and praised Him.

Such was once the spot where London is now. A single day broke in upon its sacred seclusion and beautiful desolation: Man planted his foot there, and cried, 'This land is mine!' and took possession, and has kept it undisputed,

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